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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

RURAL ENGLAND.

The Boy's Autumn-Book. By T. Miller. Pp. 124.
The Boy's Winter-Book. Pp. 124. Chapman and Hall.

We had the preceding Summer early in Spring, and now Mr. Miller follows out his pleasant labours by giving us Autumn and Winter just as we are hoping for Summer to begin. It is well. As we were taught in the midst of severe weather to anticipate the return of warmth and comfort, so may we now look forward to autumnal fruits and plenty, so as to be the better able to bear the wintry winds and nipping frosts. By and by Spring will conclude this seasonable series, which is well calculated to delight our boys all through the year. On his own themes nobody can surpass our author; and in this instance he has very successfully adapted them to the capacities addressed. He changes from subject to subject with varying effect; but still true to nature and replete with instructive facts and remarks, which afford lasting intelligence, and point many useful and improving morals. His rural descriptions too are very sweet: witness the opening of the first of these volumes:

"Autumn! yet with such masses of foliage still hanging out in the landscape, that, were it not for the red and yellow hues which mark the fading of so many trees, we might almost fancy summer still reigned over the scene. But the ears of corn which trail on the edges in narrow lanes, the gates that here and there stand open, with children either swinging upon them, or clambering up to reach the straggling ears which hang upon the boughs above their heads, the rumbling of wheels, the creaking of the wagon, the cracking of the whip, and the shout of the driver, tell us that the corn-harvest is already begun, and that the fields which, a few weeks ago, waved with their millions of heads of heavy wheat and horned barley, are now shorn and piled up in golden sheaves. Here and there we may still see a few sun-burnt reapers at work, their foreheads bound round with various-coloured handkerchiefs to keep off the heat, and their white sleeves showing like spots of light in the landscape; while the stooping attitudes of the gleaners, in costumes of all colours, the half-laden wagon in the centre of the field, the bold dark outline of the horses, the 'shocks' of sheaves reared to dry at regular distances, and stretching in rows upon every rounded and stubby furrow, together with the hill in the background, and the trees which every where rise up and break the level lines of the scene, make altogether such a pleasing picture, that for months afterwards it rises up before the imagination, and we think of it with feelings of delight."

A wild country is finely described, and well followed by a piece of natural history:

"There were no fields near it, but on either hand woods were stretching into woods—Springthorpe wood, and Somerby wood, and Caistor wood, and White's wood, and Lea wood—all running into each other, with no other boundary than here and there the deep dark water-course, whose banks were infested with snakes, and whose waters were haunted with thousands of newts, and frogs, and toads; and in this wild, dreamy, old, out-of-the-way woodland world, we were wont, when boys, to go and gather nuts, and crabs, and bramble-berries, sloes, and bullaces, and hips, and haws, and all those forest fruits which had grown there wild, ages before the ancient Druids worshipped the old oaks in our

Enlarged 67.]

island—perchance before the painted and naked Briton was startled in his hut at midnight by the long howl of the wolf, and the sound of the wild boar, sharpening his glittering tusks in the moonlight upon the iron stem of some old mistletoe-covered oak. Grand and awful was the thunder-storm which I once witnessed on these scrogs. Just fancy such a spot darkened-over with deep thunder-clouds! looking as if night was descending upon the earth ere the sun had accomplished little more than half his journey across the sky. Imagine a blackness and a stillness, amid which not a leaf appeared to move, where even the light down of the thistle rested upon the spot where it had alighted, and the very air seemed not to breathe in its sleep. Then in a moment this awful silence was broken by the loud sudden bursting of the deep-mouthed thunder, as if shaking the very earth on which we stood. Over the vast wilderness it went sounding, dark, and far away, to where in the distance the trees looked as if resting on a sky of ink; so black and lowering hung the thunder-clouds. Then came the blazing lightning, making, for a moment, the whole forest scene red as the mouth of a burning furnace; it passed on, and all again settled down into a deep twilight gloom. A few moments more, and a silence more awful than the first seemed to reign over the scene. Then came another peal of thunder, longer and louder than the first. The foundations of the earth jarred, as they rocked beneath it; and then in an instant there descended a heavy deluge of rain, as if the floor of heaven had burst, and some mighty river was rushing through its deep bed. Again the wild woodland was lighted up for an instant, and in the distance the trees appeared resting upon a background of fire; so red and lurid was the glare of the lightning, that filled up the whole scene. Heavier and heavier descended the rain, falling like an avalanche upon the leaves and the boles of the trees; and when the loud artillery of heaven had again sent forth its earth-shaking thunder, a mighty wind sprang up, and went sweeping through the forest, making the old trees groan again, as it tore through their grey, gnarled, and knotted branches. Awful and startling was that contrast, from the silence which but a few minutes before had rested on all around! Trees, whose roots had been anchored in the earth for centuries, seemed now struggling with the tempest to retain their ancient footing; while their branches clashed together as if in anger, as they were bowed and bent beneath the overwhelming element. Although in a few minutes we were thoroughly soaked to the skin, yet we still remained in an open space in the underwood, well knowing how dangerous it is to seek shelter under a tree during a thunder-storm, as the lightning generally strikes the objects that stand most prominent. Oh what a scene it was! I have witnessed many thunder-storms, but never remember one like that which we saw, and were out in, on Corringham Scrogs! A rare haunt was this in autumn for the woodcock, a bird which we seldom see in summer; which somehow seems to make its appearance all at once, coming, nobody can tell how, and contriving almost always to land in the night. As the woodcocks bring no luggage with them when they return from their long sea-voyage, they put up at the first inn they come near, which is generally either a hedge or a ditch; and without disturbing either boots or ostler, chambermaid or innkeeper, there they take up their quarters until the following morning. They mostly rest a day or two before they proceed farther into the country, for they have

neither had the assistance of sail or steam, to aid them in crossing the stormy sea—nothing but their poor little wings to beat up against the wind with, and dash off the cold sea-spray—that is, if it ever reached so high as where they flew; and you marvel that they have come so far to feed only on such simple fare as insects and worms. The woodcock leaves the woods in the evening twilight, where at such times you may hear scores of them making a shrill noise, not unlike that of the snipe. Poor little things! hundreds of them during the season fall a prey to the fowler and the gunner. The former captures them in his net; and the latter fires at them when resting on the ground, or on the trees, whenever he can find an opportunity. They are a sadly persecuted race, and I dare say, if they ever wish at all, would be glad to have as strong a savour as the poll-cat, if it would but save them from being shot at so often. You will not often meet with them out of the woods in the daytime, whilst in the evening they are here and there and everywhere, breaking out like a lot of boys who have just escaped from school; and at this season they breakfast, dine, and sup, like regular dissipated rakes, who love to turn night into day. Their eyes seem to be of no use to them in the daytime, excepting to enable them to see when danger is at hand, for they can catch their prey in the dark, feel a worm, or smell out an insect without either the aid of lamp or lantern; like Dame Trotti's cat, they can catch whatever they pursue in the dark. The bill of the woodcock is about three inches long, and, by all accounts, as sensitive to feeling as the horns of the snail. Had man but such a nose in proportion to his size, he would have to look a yard before him to see the end of it. The plumage of this bird is a mixture of black and grey, while the under parts are of a dim yellow, with dusky streaks. It sometimes, though very rarely, remains with us all the year round, when it builds a nest of moss, grass, and dry leaves, within which it lays four or five eggs of a yellowish white, spotted with brown and ash colour. The eggs are somewhat larger than those of a pigeon."

In the same style of observation are the subjoined extracts:

"Gathering Apples, which we had watched day after day changing from green to a delicate pale yellow, while on one side the sun threw in a few of his richest touches of finishing red—then to know whilst up there, we could eat whichever we chose—that we were sole king of the tree—that the apples were our subjects, and that every one we reigned over we could devour at our royal will and pleasure—and then, whilst giddy at the very thoughts of the power which we possessed, to come down, head foremost, basket, apples, and all, and lie sprawling amid the deep grass at the foot of the tree? Then there were the journeys to and fro into the great store-rooms of the old farmhouse—basketful after basketful to be carried up and spread out and arranged in rows, not one of which must be either battered or bruised, for they were set apart to be kept through all the long winter. In them we saw future pies and unboiled puddings, the comfortable windings up of many a cold dinner; and if we did contrive to give one a bruise, and another a pinch, and to let one of extra size and beauty now and then fall, we knew that on some future day, when we went up with aunt, we could pick out the very identical apple again, and then we had only to shew her how this was going, and that one would not keep, and to throw in an additional 'Mayn't I have them, Aunt!' and so, by

such pardonable policy, to become sharers of that rich wintry store. In vain did kind old aunt say that so much fruit was injurious, that they bred worms, and caterpillars, and all other kinds of creeping things; her kind words were but wasted, for, had all the worms 'i' the Nile' produced the flavour which that fruit did, and been in all the year, we verily believe that our first inquiry would have been, 'How far is it to Egypt?' Then there was the pleasure of filling the baskets, and lading the cart, and putting in the peck, and half peck, and quarter measures, and going with John, the foreman of the farm, to a neighbouring town, the next market-day to sell bushels of the fruit, which uncle had neither room nor use for; and then John was so kind, and used to pick up some old acquaintance whom he knew, and so give them a lift on their journey in the market-cart! Then there was the pleasure of going with John from shop to shop after we had sold all our fruit, which we sometimes did, in one lot, to a large huckster,—to go with him to the grocer's, to the harness-maker's, and to the cooper's, to call at the maltster's, and the hop-dealer's, then to dine in the parlour of the Old Rising Sun, and, when all was done, call at the mill on our way home, and bring with us the large sack of flour! Then, as we rode along, to start a pheasant here, and a partridge there—to see the rabbits running into their burrows in the sand-banks beside the dark plantation—to see the hares limping across the silent stubble-fields, which were now cleared of the corn-harvest—and behold the swine feeding upon the ripe fallen acorns, under the huge old oak-trees, that threw their broad gearled branches over the forest paths—were a part of the many pleasures which I have found when residing with my uncle in the country!"

And again comes natural history:

"Every boy, whether residing in town or country, must be well acquainted with Father Long-legs. He is almost as familiar a visitor as the common house-fly; day or night he walks into our apartments without ceremony; and if the candle is alight, he generally contrives to thrust one of his long legs into it; then, after making a few more circles round the table, he tries the other foot, which has a little grease upon it, to see how that will burn; and so he proceeds, unless he is unfortunate enough to get fast in the tallow, burning down every one of his long legs to the stump. We never see Father Long-legs walk, as he balances himself with his wings; but he reminds us of a boy practising his first steps in the stilts. Up goes one long leg; then he lurches a little to one side; down comes another; while his light body, as if settling itself into a proper balance, continues in motion; and, just when you think he is really about to rest himself, off he goes again, all legs and wings, no bad representative of our Mr. Nobody, who has more mischief laid at his door within twelve months than a whole school put together in the same space of time was ever guilty of. What numerous thrashings has that Mr. Nobody saved us from! Talk about what our relations do for us! they are not to be named on the same day with Mr. Nobody; for he bears all—denies nothing—and the best of it is, never murmurs. What books he has torn! what quantities of ink he has spilt! what windows he has broken! If only one-millionth part of what is said of him is true, there never was such a reckless scapegrace, such a mischievous young rascal, as that Mr. Nobody! But I was telling you about the crane-fly, or Father Long-legs, when Mr. Nobody came into my head; and you all of you know what a large family this jenny spinner has, for you must many a time have started a whole colony of legs, when you have been wandering out in the fields, and sent them skipping by thousands together over the tufted grass, putting, as we may say, their best foot foremost, and seeming to say in their ungainly flight, as they jostled against one another, 'I wish you would just move that long shabby leg of yours an inch or two aside, and let me pass, will you? What do

you mean by straddling out that way, and taking all the road up? If I had but my shoes on, and I wasn't afraid of injuring my poor leg, I would fetch you such a kick that would send you into the middle of next week, that I would.' And away they go, one over the other, as if it was a matter of necessity that they should be constantly in motion to keep out of one another's way. You would be delighted to see Mother Long-legs deposit her eggs in the earth. Away the old lady flies with her basketful of eggs, dropping one here and another there, wherever she can make a hole in the earth; and you know what a sharp-pointed tail the old lady has got; and you would laugh if you could but see her with her back stuck up, as she goes from place to place depositing her little black eggs everywhere, which look not unlike grains of gunpowder. You have no idea what a ravenous lot of little Long-legs are left behind to provide for themselves, as well as they can, when the spring comes; for before they can either run or fly, while they remain under ground in the grub-state, they devour all before them; they eat away the roots of the grass and the flowers, the corn before it has pierced through the earth, and sometimes whole fields are destroyed by these hungry little Long-legs, before they have even got a foot to run or a wing to fly with. Hundreds of acres of pasture-land in one county have been destroyed by them, and left as brown and barren, and devoid of vegetation, as the smooth grassless sands upon the seashore.

"Nest of the Harvest-Mouse, which is the smallest of all known British quadrupeds, only one-sixth of the size of the common house-mouse; for two harvest-mice placed in a scale will not do more than weigh down a single halfpenny. Its little nest is beautifully constructed of leaves, and sometimes the softer portion of reeds. About the middle there is a small hole, just large enough to admit the point of the little finger; this is the entrance to the nest, which the mouse closes up when it goes out in quest of food; and yet this fairy structure, which a man might enclose in the palm of his hand, and which might be tumbled across the table like a ball without disarranging it, often contains as many as eight or nine little naked blind mice; for even when full grown the whole length of the head and body scarcely exceeds two inches. During the winter months it retires to its burrow under the ground, unless it should be fortunate enough to get into a corn-stack. It is one of the prettiest of our English animals, and may be kept in a cage, like white mice, where it will amuse itself for several minutes at a time by turning round a wire-wheel: its chief food is corn, although it will occasionally feed upon insects. How the harvest-mouse contrives to give nourishment to eight or nine young ones in that round and confined little nest was a puzzle to that clever naturalist, Gilbert White; and as he could not resolve so difficult a question, he imagined that she must make holes in different parts of the nest, and so feed one at a time. It is very amusing to watch the habits of this beautiful little creature in a cage, to see how she will twine her tail around the wires, clean herself with her paws, and lap water like a dog: it is the little tomtit of animals.

"Even the common mouse, which is so great a pest to our houses, is an elegantly shaped little animal, although it is such a plague in the cupboard and the larder. Wherever man goes, it follows him; let him build ever so princely a mansion, he is sure to have the little mouse for a tenant; he walks in, we cannot tell how, and when he has once obtained possession, he is in no hurry to start again; he helps himself to whatever he can get at, without asking any one's permission; and he never saw a carpet in his life that he ever thought was too good for himself and his little companions to play upon. He is a capital judge of cheese; and were half-a-dozen sorts placed upon the shelf, he would be sure to help himself to the very best; and yet in Wales they think nothing of catching this pretty

little inoffensive pest alive, tying him up by the tail, and hanging him before the fire to roast, believing that the screams the little mouse makes while writhing in this horrible agony is the means of driving all the rest of the mice out of the house. What noble-hearted English boy would not like to crack Taffy's head with a good stick while he was superintending such cruel cookery: for my part, I should think it no sin to hold his nose for an instant against the hot bars. None but a person of most depraved and brutalised mind could be guilty of such unnatural cruelty."

And here we have a specimen of the poetry, which, like the nice wood illustrations (35 in one vol. and 34 in the other), adorn the *Boy's Own Library*. "Now (adds Mr. Miller) I will tell you a story about Three blind Mice:

There were three blind mice

All sat on a shelf eating rice;

'I say,' said one, 'oh, isn't it nice?'

'I think,' said another, 'it wants a little spice!'

'My dear sir,' said the third, 'you are rather too

precise;

Eat more, and talk a little less,

Was our poor pa's advice.

A truth he oft tried to impress

On his little brown, blind mice.'

The old grey cat

Sat on the thick rope mat,

Washing her face and head,

And listening to what they said.

'Stop,' said she, 'till I've wiped me dry,

And I'll be with you by and by;

And if I'm not mistaken,

Unless you save your bacon,

My boys, I'll make you fly.'

She pricks up her ears,

And to the cupboard goes,

Saying, 'Wait a bit, my dears,

Till I hook you with my toes,

For, as I haven't dined to-day,

I'll just take lunch, then go away.'

And as she walked quite perpendicularly,

Said, 'I'm not at all particular.'

Without any further talk,

She made a sudden spring,

And, like many clever folk

Who aim at every thing,

She overleaped her mark,

And in their hole so dark

The mice got safe away.

Said the cat, 'This is notorious!'

And she mew'd out quite uproariously."

With this we conclude. There is, perhaps, a little making-up towards the last pages in *Autumn*, and *Winter* is not so interesting; but still few more agreeable books could be put into youthful hands.

RECENT ENGLISH HISTORY.

The History of England from the Accession of George III., 1760, to the Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., Canon of Peterborough. Third Edition, 7 vols. 8vo. London, George Bell.

To produce a literary work, justly deserving the name of NATIONAL, in the present day of superficiality and crude compilation, is rather a rare and striking, as it is an important and valuable, contribution to our lasting literature. This the Editor has done, and done in a conscientious and able manner. He has carefully availed himself of all the new matter which has transpired since his first appearance, to improve his History; and he has exercised a very sound discretion in his corrections and modified opinions throughout, the whole being impartial, and marked, if not by brilliancy of style or great depths of thought, by moderation and good sense.

In the *Edinburgh Review* of Mr. Burton's Life, &c. of David Hume, in January, No. CLXXI., a regret is expressed that Robertson did not, as was proposed, write a continuation of Hume's England; but when we consider the essential difference between them, in almost every respect, and how incongruous the junction must have been, we confess we are much better satisfied that the task was reserved for Mr. Hughes. We are convinced that our contemporary, and an astute reviewer, would be of the same mind if he had seen this publication; for he truly says, "It is not the fault of Lord Bute and

George the parallel to Robertson's land which of Hume But to pages have which judgment solid history opinion of Dr. Butler pleasure "Ditto to separate essay, we idea of the select the contest: "Here nature of yond the a remarkable univalled state of E system, ye circumsta while it t ancient e fortunes, destined, turning fo so potent whether i European curbing it designs. ii. p. 98) volution o being nee liberty. government but the ch solidarity th the execut in connex (conforma the two ch presentati tion of establishe To Washi not less in Only by great mer latter par but how c any howne ned, howe other nati sidential desires of sentatives their plac grand fau little pow vernment this has b sequent o greatest a the establi vindicate of slavery self Chris of politica to be calc led serve American than as a thing wh the sancti eratic pri naturally public, w

George the Third that we cannot make it (i.e., a parallel between the different views of Hume and Robertson), that there is no Whig History of England which is readable, nor a better continuation of Hume and Smollett."

But to return to our own remarks. About sixty pages have been added to the preliminary address, which now consists of 173 pages, and is in our judgment a spirited and honest exposition of a solid historical order. Such, we know, was the opinion of no less competent a critic than the late Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury; and it is with no small pleasure we feel ourselves in a condition to say "Ditto to Mr. Burke." Though very difficult to separate any portion from so closely connected an essay, we must endeavour to give our readers some idea of the style in which its views are put. We select the observations on the close of the American contest:

"Here we may pause briefly to consider the nature of this vast republic, whose foundation beyond the Atlantic waves forms one of the most remarkable epochs in the world's history,—a republic unrivalled in extent and natural advantages,—a state of Europeans not belonging to the European system, yet impelled no less by inclination than by circumstances to take a part in European policy; while it throws open its arms to all deserters of ancient establishments, whatever their country, fortunes, or opinions may be; a state apparently destined, for a time at least, to be the great disturbing force of Europe, if not of the world; and so potent for mischief, that it becomes a question whether it would not be sound policy for all European states to combine for the purpose of curbing its encroachments and counteracting its designs. 'This new republic,' says Heeren (vol. ii. p. 98), 'established without any internal revolution of the single states (only trifling changes being necessary), languished at first under its liberty. Its first constitution was a federative government, without strength and without credit; but the changed constitution of 1789 gave it all the solidity that a federative state can possess, placing the executive power in the hands of a president, in connexion with the senate; and the legislative (conformably in most respects to British forms) in the two chambers, the senate, and the house of representatives—not, however, without the participation of the president. Public credit too was established by a system of finances for the union. To Washington the president, this new state was not less indebted than to Washington the general. Only by committing the high offices of state to great men can this union be preserved.' The latter part of this sentence is undoubtedly true; but how can great men be found for office, how can any honest and consistent course of policy be pursued, how can public faith and peace be kept with other nations, when he who would obtain the presidential chair must pander to the passions and desires of a democratic mass; and when the representatives of the people can only expect to retain their places by a similar mode of conduct? The grand fault in the American constitution was the little power given to the general or federal government over the provincial legislatures; and this has been clearly shewn in all transactions consequent on the late disturbances in Canada. The greatest stain upon the American character, was the establishment, in a community of men who had vindicated their own freedom, of the vilest system of slavery which ever cursed a country calling itself Christian. The evils to which such violations of political and moral principles may lead are not to be calculated; those to which they have already led serve to mark the government of the North American union as a beacon to be avoided, rather than as a pattern for imitation; and if there be any thing which sullies the renown of Washington, it is the sanction of his great name given to the democratic principle of that government. Commerce naturally felt the first influence of this new republic, with which every maritime power was

eager to form treaties; but being destitute of capital, she engaged in trade most readily with those which could give the longest credit, and this led her to stifle that resentment against Great Britain which time had scarcely moderated; hence the commerce with her deserted parent became more extensive and unrestricted, while England soon discovered that she might well have spared the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure spent worse than in vain."

In conclusion, Mr. Hughes also writes:

"Thus was Europe once more brought under a States-System; which, if properly constituted and judiciously regulated, might be a most effective instrument to advance the reign of universal peace upon earth. Much was done by this celebrated congress in furtherance of so desirable an object; and more would have been effected but for the interference of selfish desires and deep-rooted prejudices, of an undue deference to power, and particularly of that principle of legitimacy which was adopted and carried out to its utmost limit without proper checks or correctives; hence those intestine feuds which have so long disturbed the continent; hence that feverish peace which has kept all European nations on the alert for war, and obliged them to expend, and in some instances to exhaust, their revenues for the maintenance of fleets and armies. Happy would it have been for the world if, instead of that 'Holy Alliance' which emanated from the Congress of Vienna, a grand council for the promotion of peace on the principle of equal justice had been instituted, to which all national quarrels might have been referred! The great Germanic confederacy has shewn, on a smaller scale, the efficacy of such a scheme; why should it not be tried on a larger, especially as society seems ripe for its introduction? When, indeed, we reflect on the vast and important interests that have sprung up, and to which peace is of the utmost importance—the efforts made by noble-minded individuals and societies to promote universal peace, the progress of education among the people, and the zeal shewn for diffusing on all sides the blessings of a religion which is pre-eminently a religion of peace, how greatly are we encouraged to promote the advent of that glorious epoch, when the words of the inspired penman shall be literally fulfilled, and 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Providence seems to have placed in our hands a wondrous power which can almost annihilate time and space, as an auxiliary for this purpose. With its aid, nothing would be wanting to a coalition of sovereigns, steadily purposed to put down strife, by arbitrating with equity and justice between nations, or between subjects and their rulers. What state would oppose its puny force to a council which could bring the concentrated power of millions upon its frontiers in a week's time? And what spectacle which the world has ever witnessed could be compared with such a glorious tribunal? This would indeed be a Holy Alliance worthy of its name, worthy of the veneration of mankind and the protection of the Almighty."

These certainly are but bricks of the building, and we have not endeavoured to exhibit the author's strong leaning towards the church and church affairs in nearly all his reflections, neither have we pointed at some coarse epithets which had better have been avoided as unsuitable to the dignity of history. "Vile," "infamous," &c. personally applied to monarch or statesman, are not half so effective as a calm exposure and denunciation of any nefarious acts.

The last volume contains a hundred and thirty pages additional—the reign of William IV., the sailor-king, and little more than a Jack Tar politician. The resumé of affairs is straightforward and unprejudiced. There is no dogmatism to provoke doubt and opposition, and we are thus brought to the reign of her Majesty with clear perceptions of nearly eighty preceding years, during which her grandfather and two uncles had swayed the sceptre.

THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

Chronicles of the Charter-House. By a Carthusian. Pp. 218. 8vo. London, G. Bell.

VERY gracefully embellished, this volume is as graceful a tribute to his Alma Mater, by a grateful Carthusian. Some time ago the *alumni* of that excellent establishment printed a magazine of their contributions, of which we took occasion to speak in language of much commendation, as meritorious in itself, and well calculated to encourage literary tastes and promote intellectual cultivation. We cannot tell if this be one of the fruits; but, if so, we take pleasure in having anticipated such results.

The work is of a popular nature, without pretensions to profundity in antiquarian research. Indeed, it is to blame for a gross amount of most obvious omissions. The writer refers to Bearcroft and Herne as his principal authorities; but we are haunted with the idea that there is a history more direct in existence to which he has not alluded. Dugdale, Stow, Pennant, Weever, Strype, and others are of course mentioned as being consulted; and it is suggested that, though much additional information has been gleaned, a wide field is yet to be explored for a more complete account of the Charter-House. Under these circumstances the present production does not demand a lengthened notice from us.

"The order, whence it took its name, was first introduced into this country by King Henry II., who, in the year 1180, founded a monastery of this order at Witham, in Somersetshire, of which Hugh, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, was the first prior. The name of this patron saint of Carthusians appears in the calendar for November the 17th. Miracles innumerable are reported to have been wrought at his tomb. And his virtues were not confined to this country; for his statue being placed near the walls of Paris, it almost ruined all the physicians there, by curing the sick persons who passed by it."

What a pity we have no such saints now-o'-days. How they would improve the Sanatory condition of Towns!! As time went on, the writer remarks:

"We frequently find the adjoining Priory of St. John of Jerusalem exchanging communications with our convent. At one time we find them exchanging lands; at another we see the prior of Charter-House granting a trental of masses, to the end that 'the soul of Brother William Hulles, prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, might the sooner be conveyed, with God's providence, into Abraham's bosom.' Another instance of the friendly intercourse existing between the two monasteries may be seen in the grant of Sir Thomas Docwra, prior, in 1514, to Edmund Travers, for services done to that priory, 'as well in parts beyond the see as on this syde the see, the custodie and keepinge of o^r chapell, called The Pardon Chapell, setu^r and lying without the barrys of St. John Street, towards Iseldon in the countie of Middlesex, and of all the ornaments and other thyngs belonging to the said chapell; and in lyke wyse shall have the keeping of the chapell yerde of the saide chapell, and all mane of oblations; and have also yeven unto the said Edmond, frely, w^out any thyng paying, a cotage next adjoyning to the Utter Gate, att the entring into the lane going towarde the said Pardon Chapell, on the north syde of the Utter Gate, w^h half of the chamber bielded on the said Utter Gate, and w^h an old kitchen covered with tyle, now being at downfalling, and w^h a little gardyn thereto adjoyning, bownding upon a little close; and have also granted to the said a gowne clothe of thre yerdes of brode clothe, yerely ayenst Christmas, for a gowne clothe of the yeoman's livery in o^r hous of St. John's, and mete and drynk at the yeoman's table there. Provided alway that the said Edmond shall souffer my frary clark of London and Middx. to have a key, as well to the said Utter Gate as of the Inner Gate of the said Pardon Chapell, for none other caus but for this caus only, that he and other o^r frary clarks may come to and fro the said chapell-yerde, for to

bury in the same chapel-yeerde there, as ther seme place convenient, the bodies of all dede people, by auctorite of the Pope's pravelege, after the usance and custome of our frary, as often as cause shall require in that behalf, during the lyffe of the said Edmond."

These are characteristic of the age; and so is the account of the last days and will of Mr. Sutton, the munificent founder of this noble charity. After receiving a letter of admirable advice to hasten his benevolent purposes from Mr. Hall of Waltham, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, "he forthwith determined to found a hospital for the maintenance of so many aged men, incapable of work, and also for the education of a certain number of youths, whose parents had not sufficient means to instruct them. Having negotiated with the Earl of Suffolk for the purchase of the Charter-House, for which he paid 13,000*l.*, he petitioned his Majesty, King James, and the Parliament, March 10, 1609, for leave and licence to erect and endow the present hospital. Letters patent were issued to him on the 2d of June, 1611."

On his death some very potent obstacles were interposed to the execution of his will, which his cousin, the heir-at-law, contested, and the wealth bequeathed by which Lord Bacon endeavoured to convert into a royal gripe. But Sir Edward Coke stood firm for the true and legal interpretation; and the world has reaped the good of his integrity in this respect. Lord Bacon's attempt is so very like Sir Walter Scott's, exhibited in our last *Literary Gazette*, that we are tempted to copy the curious parallel. The writer says:

"There was still another inimical to this godly design. The following letter from Sir Francis Bacon to the king will shew his sentiments on the subject:—'May it please your Majesty,—I find it a positive precept in the old law, that there should be no sacrifice without salt: the moral whereof (besides the ceremony) may be, that God is not pleased with the body of a good intention, except it be seasoned with that spiritual wisdom and judgment as it be not easily subject to be corrupted and perverted; for salt in the Scripture is both a figure of wisdom and lasting. This cometh into my mind upon this act of Mr. Sutton, which seemeth to me as a sacrifice without salt; having the materials of a good intention, but not powdered with any such ordinances and institutions as may preserve the same from turning corrupt; or at least from becoming unsavoury and of little use. For though the choice of the foffees be of the best, yet neither can they always live; and the very nature of the work itself, in the vast and unfit proportion thereof, is apt to provoke a misemployment: it is no diligence of theirs (except there be a digression from that model) that can excuse it from running the same way that gifts of the like condition have heretofore done. For to design the Charter-House, a building fit for a prince's habitation, for an hospital, is all one as if one should give in alms a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar. And certainly a man may see, *tantum quæ oculis cernuntur*, that if such an edifice, with six thousand pounds' revenue, be erected into one hospital, it will in a small time degenerate to be made a preferment of some great person to be master, and he to take all the sweet and the poor to be stinted and take but the crumbs; as it comes to pass in divers hospitals of this realm, which have but the names of hospitals, and are but wealthy benefices in respect of the mastership; but the poor, which is the *propter quid*, little relieved. And the like hath been the fortune of much of the alms of the Roman religion in the great foundations, which, being begun in vain-glory and ostentation, have had their judgment upon them to end in corruption and abuse. This meditation hath made me presume to write these few lines to your Majesty, being no better than good wishes, which your Majesty's great wisdom may make something or nothing of. Wherein I desire to be thus understood, that if this foundation (such as it is) be perfect and good in law, then I am too well acquainted

with your Majesty's disposition to advise any course of power or profit which is not grounded upon a right. Nay further, if the defects be such as a Court of Equity may remedy and cure, then I wish that, as St. Peter's shadow did cure diseases, so the very shadow of a good intention may cure the defects of that nature. But if there be a right and birthright planted in the heir, and not remediable by Courts of Equity, and that right be submitted to your Majesty, whereby it is both in your power and grace what to do; then do I wish that this rude mass and chaos of a good deed were directed rather to a solid merit and durable charity than to a blaze of glory that will but crackle a little in talk and quickly extinguish. And this may be done, observing the species of Mr. Sutton's intent, though varying in *individuo*; for it appears that he had in notion a triple good, an hospital, a school, and maintaining of a preacher; which individuals refer to these three general heads,—relief of the poor, advancement of learning, and propagation of religion. Now then, if I set before your Majesty, in every of these three kinds, what it is that is most wanting in your kingdom, and what is like to be the most fruitful and effectual use of such a beneficence, and least like to be perverted, that, I think, shall be no ill scope of my labour, how meanly so ever performed; for, out of variety represented, election may be best grounded.

"Concerning the relief of the poor; I hold, some number of hospitals, with competent endowments, will do far more good than one hospital of an exorbitant greatness; for though the one course will be more seen, yet the other will be more felt: for if your Majesty erect many, besides the observing of the ordinary maxim, *bonum, quo communius, co melius*, choice may be made of those towns and places where there is most need; and so the remedy may be distributed, as the disease is dispersed. Again, greatness of relief accumulated in one place doth rather invite a swarm and surcharge of poor, than relieve those that are naturally bred in that place; like to ill-tempered medicines, that draw more humour to the part than they evacuate from it: but chiefly I rely upon the reason I touched in the beginning, that in these great hospitals the revenues will draw the use, and not the use the revenues; and so through the mass of wealth they will swiftly tumble down in a misemployment. And if any man say, that in the two hospitals in London there is a precedent of greatness concurring with good employment; let him consider, that those hospitals have annual governors; that they are under the superior care and policy of such a state as the City of London; and chiefly, that their revenues consist not in certainities, but in casualties and free gifts, which gifts would be withheld if they appeared once to be perverted: so as it keepeth them in a continual good behaviour and awe to employ them aright: none of which points do match with the present case.

"The next consideration may be, whether this intended hospital, as it hath a more ample endowment than other hospitals have, should not likewise work upon a better subject than other poor; as that it should be converted to the relief of maimed soldiers, decayed merchants, householders, aged and destitute churchmen, and the like; whose condition being of a better sort than loose people and beggars, deserveth both a more liberal stipend and allowance, and some proper place of relief not intermingled or coupled with the basest sort of poor. Which project, though specious, yet in my judgment will not answer the design in the event, in these our times; for certainly few men in any vocation, who have been somebody, and bear a mind somewhat according to conscience, and remembrance of that they have been, will ever condescend to that condition as to profess to live upon alms, and to become a corporation of declared beggars; but rather will choose to live obscurely, and, as it were, to hide themselves with some private friends: so that the end of such an institution will be, that it will make the place a receptacle of the

worst, idlest, and most dissolute persons of every profession, and to become a cell of loiterers, can serving-men, and drunkards, with scandal rather than fruit to the commonwealth. And of this kind I can find but one example with us, which is the Alms Knights of Windsor, which particular would give a man small encouragement to follow that precedent. Therefore the best effects of hospitals is, to make the kingdom, if it were possible, capable of that law, that there be no beggar in Israel: for it is that kind of people that is a burden, an eye-sore, a scandal, and a seed of peril and tumult in the state. But chiefly it were to be wished that such a beneficence towards the relief of the poor were so bestowed as not only the mere and naked poor should be sustained, but also that the honest person, which maketh hard means to live, upon whom the poor are now charged, should be in some sort relieved: for that were a work generally acceptable to the kingdom, if the public hand of alms might spare the private hand of tax. And therefore, of all other employments of that kind, I commend most houses of relief and correction; which are mixed hospitals, where the impotent person is relieved, and the sturdy beggar buckled to work; and the unable person also not maintained to be idle (which is ever joined with drunkenness and impurity), but is sorted with such work as he can manage and perform; and when the uses are not distinguished, as in other hospitals, whereof some are for aged and impotent, some for children, and some for correction and vagabonds, but are general and promiscuous; so that they may take off poor of every sort from the country as the country breeds them. And thus the poor themselves shall find the provision, and other people the sweetness of the abatement of the tax. Now, if it be objected that houses of correction in all places have not done the good expected, as it cannot be denied but in most places they have done much good, so it must be remembered that there is a great difference between that which is done by the distracted government of justices of peace, and that which may be done by a settled ordinance, subject to a regular visitation as this may be; and besides, the want hath been commonly in houses of correction, of a competent and certain stock for the materials of labour, which in this case may be likewise supplied.

"Concerning the advancement of learning, I do subscribe to the opinion of one of the wisest and greatest men of your kingdom, that for grammar-schools there are already too many, and therefore no providence to add where there is excess. For the great numbers of schools which are in your Highness's realm doth cause a want, and likewise an overthrow—both of them inconvenient and one of them dangerous; for by means thereof they find want in the country and towns both of servants for husbandry and apprentices for trade; and on the other side, there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ, and the active part of that life not bearing a proportion to the preparative, it must needs fall out that many persons will be bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they were bred up, which fills the realm full of indigent, idle, and wanton people, which are but *materia rerum novarum*. Therefore, in this point, I wish Mr. Sutton's intention were exalted a degree, that that which he meant for teachers of children your Majesty should make for teachers of men. Wherein it hath been my ancient opinion and observation, that in the Universities of this realm (which I take to be the best endowed in Europe) there is nothing more wanting towards the flourishing state of learning than the honourable and plentiful salaries of readers in arts and professions; in which point, as your Majesty's bounty already hath made a beginning, so this occasion is offered of God to make a proceeding. Surely, readers in the chair are as parents in sciences, and deserve to enjoy a condition not inferior to their children, who embrace the practical part, else no man will sit longer in the

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Et patrum invalidi referent jejunia nati.

For if the principal readers, through the meanness of their entertainment, be but men of superficial learning, and that they shall take their places but in passage, it will make the mass of sciences want the chief and solid dimension, which is depth, and to become but pretty and compendious habits of practice. Therefore I could wish that, in both the Universities, the lectures, as well as the three professions, Divinity, Law, and Physick, as of the three heads of science, Philosophy, Arts of Speech, and the Mathematicks, were raised to 100*l.* per annum a-piece; which, though it be not near so great as they are in some other places, where the greatness of the reward doth whistle for the ablest men out of all foreign parts to supply the chair; yet it may be a portion to content a worthy and able man, if he be likewise contemplative in nature, as those spirits are that are fittest for lectures. Thus may learning in your kingdom be advanced to a further height; learning (I say), which under your Majesty, the most learned of Kings, may claim some degree of elevation.

"Concerning propagation of religion, I shall in few words set before your Majesty three propositions, none of them devices of my own, otherwise than that I ever approved of them; two of which have been in agitation of speech, and the third acted. The first is a college for controversies, whereby we shall not still proceed single, but shall, as it were, double our files, which certainly will be found in the encounter. The second is a receipt (I like not the word Seminary, in respect of the vain vows, and implicit obedience, and other things tending to the perturbation of states involved in that term) for converts to the reformed religion, either of youth, or otherwise: for I doubt not, but there are in Spain, Italy, and other countries of the papists, many whose hearts are touched with a sense of those corruptions, and an acknowledgment of a better way; which grace is many times smothered and choked, through a worldly consideration of necessity and want; men not knowing where to have succour and refuge: this likewise I hold a work of great piety, and of great consequence; that we also may be wise in our generation, and that the watchful and silent night may be used as well for sowing good seed, as of tares. The third is, the imitation of a memorable and religious act of Queen Elizabeth, who, finding a part of Lancashire to be extremely backward in religion, and the benefices swallowed up in impropriations, did by decree in the dutchy, erect four stipends of 100*l.* per annum a-piece for preachers, well chosen to help the harvest, who have done a great deal of good in the parts they have laboured; neither do there want other corners in the realm, that would require for a time the like extraordinary help. Thus have I briefly delivered unto your Majesty my opinion touching the employment of this charity, whereby that mass of wealth, which was in the owner little better than a stack or heap of muck, may be spread over your kingdom, to many fruitful purposes, your Majesty planting and watering, and God giving the increase." This was Sir Francis Bacon's recommendation; his reason for such advice being simply that he was not himself included by Sutton in the list of governors. King James did not wholly follow his advice; but a short time after, the governors received a polite intimation that his Majesty would graciously accept a donation of ten thousand pounds towards the repairing of Berwick Bridge, upon the river of Tweed. This, of course, they were obliged tacitly to yield.

With this we close the book, not minding to go into the subject of the dissolution of monastic institutions, which the writer treats in a somewhat ambitious style. The work must be welcome, as far as it goes, to all worthy Carthusians, and not unwelcome to general readers who are willing to bide for a more complete performance.

De Clifford the Philosopher. With Notes, Historical and Illustrative, and Personal Observations in the Kingdom of Nature. By John Godfrey Angley, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and Cambridge; author of "Faith, Hope, and Charity." &c. 12mo, pp. 396. London, Hatchard and Son; Dublin, Curry and Co.

We have risen from the perusal of these three hundred and ninety-six printed pages with feelings of no ordinary mixture of pity:—pity for the composers who set the type; pity for the readers who corrected the press; pity for ourselves who have had to labour through them for the purposes of review; and most pity of all for John Godfrey Angley, M.A., for rushing into print.

There be men in the world who are cursed with good-natured friends, and assuredly Mr. Angley is one of them. From the notes to this volume it is evident that he has been flattered upon some indifferent poetic effusions of youth, which are lugged in as annotations, whether they fit or no; and these ill-timed praises have induced him to attempt a higher flight in *De Clifford*, which he is pleased to inform us is in the heroic couplet, in conformity with the opinion of Byron and others. Without this information, we are free to own we should never have been able to guess for what it was intended; for it has, fortunately, rarely been our lot to bestow so much time upon any production of the kind which was so full of bad grammar, faulty rhyme, want of rhythm, loose composition, lack of sense, and a host of other grave errors.

We should have better consulted our own inclinations, had we dismissed the book with only a passing notice; but it is too ambitious in its design, is too ostentatiously introduced, and there is so much self-glorification throughout, that we are induced to devote rather more space than its substance warrants in order to justify our condemnation.

De Clifford is divided into four books, entitled respectively "Spirit of Beauty," "Spirit of Harmony," "Visions of Memory," and "The Voice of Travel." There are, moreover, some introductory sonnets, a poem (?) to a sleeping infant, and an appendix to the second book, which appendix proves that Mr. Angley is an observant and intelligent man in prose, though his language occasionally runs into the grandiloquent even here. Let us turn, however, to the text for a few illustrations of our positions; and as these are "plentiful as blackberries," our task is by no means difficult. First for the grammar;—how a gentleman who parades his reading of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French authors could write the following, is almost unaccountable:

"The produce of proud Art our hours employ;
 The produce of clear brains commands our joy."

Or,

"As though an universe of stars combined,
 Their brightest glories in that sweet crown shined,
 More pure," &c.

Or,

"and soon is seen
 Southampton's streaming lamps in light serene."

And in a note we are told this *non sequitur* of Nelson: "His pillar now completed, with the fountains, are emblematic of his life." Of the rhymes we may take 'mind,' 'join'd,' 'reached,' 'stretched,' 'ship,' 'deep,' 'east,' 'west,' 'given,' 'heaven,' 'bells,' 'peals,' 'forth,' 'earth,' 'up,' 'hope,' 'shows,' 'laws,' 'abroad,' 'God,' which specimens might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

Of loose composition the following are fair samples:

"Thence mark thrice million tribes of beauty glow,"
 which form of words is repeated *ad nauseam* throughout.

"and streams of liquid lead
 Pour like a lava-flood in seas o'er head."

This is not bad for musket-balls.

"While crowds of corpses throng all decks below."

But we shall lighten our labour by letting Mr. Angley speak a little more at length, so quote an

example or two of philosophy and bathos, which are fair illustrations of this heroic poem.

"But what is man? Can I resolve my mind?
 An atom, speck, a thought, is all I find,
 A passing cloud, that bubble sailing by,
 Dancing in tints to mock the rainbow's dye;
 Now joyous on Time's current fills his hour,
 And quaffs each mingling bliss which Earth can pour,
 Like yon white winged sail, in conscious glee
 Awakes, and lives, and laughs, along life's sea!
 But soon the sport of many a battling wave
 Torn by the tempest, whelmed by each yawning grave;
 Depressed in woes, perchance in joys elate,
 The child of impulse, circumstance, and fate;
 An autumn-leaf, brief as yon bubble's life,
 Now wrecked in atoms, by wild waters' strife,
 Forgotten, untraced, as footsteps where we move,
 Expunged by rolling waves, around, above,
 If now a shooting-star, in lines of light,
 Anon extinguished, lost, in endless night!"

The next is short but pithy:

"Where Ceylon's garden bloom, whose gems enweave
 A coronal for love at purple eve,
 And o'er the glittering ocean's bosom pour
 Celestial fragrance fifteen miles and more."

To which we may append a note of our own to account for the "celestial fragrance" noticed by travellers as they approach the island of Ceylon. They always look for it, sometimes when a couple of hundred miles away; and, as the good-natured sailors don't like their passengers to be disappointed, they rub the decks with a little cinnamon-oil.

A couple of "personal observations in the kingdom of nature:"

"Primroses, honeysuckles, clap their hands."

Do they, indeed?

"As now he marked the sea in glory break
 Like glittering gems of fire in the ship's wake,
 And spread, like comet's tail, phosphoric light
 Of waving splendour on the lurid night,
 As Mediterranean-Levant seas unfold
 A glorious burning lake of fire and gold."

Finis coronat opus, so we take our leave of *De Clifford* with the last two lines, with a vivid Memory of the pains we have suffered in his company, and a fervent Hope that we may never be so sore beset again.

"We asked their names ere both to heaven flew up,
 The Cherubs answered,—Memory and Hope."

English Hexameter Translations from Schiller, Göthe, Homer, Callinus, and Meleager. J. Murray.

This volume is rather a literary curiosity in form and substance. It consists of close literal translations in hexameter verse, with which the English ear is too little acquainted to be much captivated by its music. We quote a few brief specimens:

"The Two Paths of Virtue."

Twofold the path by which journeying man toils upward
 to Virtue,
 And though the first may be closed, open the other still
 lies.
 He that is fortunate wins her by action, the sufferer by
 patience;
 Happy is he whom by both Destiny lovingly leads."

"The Child in its Cradle."

Happy infant! thou findest an infinite space in thy cradle,
 Grow but a man, and the world will be too narrow for
 thee."

"The Key."

Wouldst thou know thyself? observe what thy neigh-
 bours are doing.
 Wouldst thou thy neighbours know? look through the
 depths of thy heart."

"Calliope. Calamity and Pity."

'Never before did I see the street and the market so
 empty!
 All seems just as if swept with a broom. I doubt whether
 fifty
 People are left here at home in the town of the whole
 population.

What curiosity does! each man runs off in a hurry
 Just to see as they pass poor folks that are flying their
 country.

Down to the causeway along which they go is a league at the
 smallest,
 And there every one posts in the heat and the dust of the
 midday.

I should be sorry to stir from my place to see the sad
 pilgrims;

Worthy unfortunate men, who now, with the goods they
 have rescued,

Leave, poor souls! homes over the Rhine in their beauti-
 ful land there,

Come to our side as exiles, and through that prosperous
 corner
 Of our favoured vale, and along its meanderings wander.

kind, and the rest are so bigoted and concealed, that it will be a most difficult task to convince them that any religion is better or purer than their own.

"The Roman Catholic missionaries conduct their operations in a manner somewhat different from the Protestants. They do not restrict themselves to the outposts of the empire, where foreigners are permitted to trade, but penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves over all the country. One of their bishops, an Italian nobleman, resides in the province of Keang-soo, a few miles from Shanghai, where I have frequently met him. He dresses in the costume of the country, and speaks the language with the most perfect fluency. In the place where he lives he is surrounded by his converts; in fact, it is a little Christian village, where he is perfectly safe, and I believe is seldom if ever annoyed in any way by the Chinese authorities. When new Roman Catholic missionaries arrive, they are met by some of their brethren or their converts at the port nearest their destination, and secretly conveyed into the interior; the Chinese dress is substituted for the European; their heads are shaved, and in this state they are conducted to the scene of their future labours, where they commence the study of the language, if they have not learned it before, and in about two years are able to speak it sufficiently well to enable them to instruct the people. These poor men submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused; and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their faith. European customs, habits, and luxuries, are all abandoned from the moment they put their feet on the shores of China; parents, friends, and home, in many instances are heard of no more; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing every thing, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth, and the home of their early years. They seem to have much of the spirit and enthusiasm of the first preachers of the Christian religion, when they were sent out into the world by their Divine Master to 'preach the Gospel to every creature,' and 'to obey God rather than man.' According to the accounts of these missionaries, the number of converts to their faith is very considerable; but I fear they, as well as the Protestants, are often led away by false appearances and assertions. Many of the Chinese are unprincipled and deceitful enough to become Christians, or in fact any thing else, in name, to accomplish the object they may have in view; and they would become Buddhists the very next day, should any inducement be offered them to do so. Judging from appearances, the day must yet be very distant when the Chinese, as a nation, will be converted to the Christian faith. Could those individuals in our time who predict the near approach of the millennium see the length and breadth of this vast country, with its three hundred millions of souls, they would surely pause and reflect before they published their absurd and foolish predictions."

The accounts of the growth and manipulation of the tea-plant are, we think, the most ample and definite we have met with, and we will therefore keep them together for a single and separate page next Saturday.

Manuals of Utility, Practical Information, and Universal Knowledge. Chess—Music. Bogue.

Two parts of an intended series of cheap hand-books, under the general direction of Mr. John Timbs, than whom we know no one more fitted for the superintendence of a publication intended to convey an understanding of popular subjects in a practical manner. The *Chess* is by Mr. Charles Kenny, and is a well-digested, plain, straightforward introduction to this noble game. It is plentifully illustrated with diagrams, problems, and examples of actual play, some of which are very interest-

ing. The *Music* is by Mr. Charles W. Manby, and conveys a mass of elementary instruction in a style that is quite comprehensible to non-musical readers: it is a complete and good *résumé* of the earlier lessons in the study of music. Others of the *Manuals* have, we believe, already appeared; and if as well arranged as the two under notice, this little series of books must become extensively popular, especially as the small price of each part, complete in itself, places it within the reach of all classes.

Since writing the foregoing we have received the *Manual of Oil-Painting*. It is a compilation from the works of Bouvier, Merimée, Montabert, and other continental writers upon art. It is quite elementary, and keeps up the character of these *Manuals*.

The Protestant Reformation in France; or, the History of the Hugonots. By the Author of "Father Darcy," "Emilia Wyndham," "Old Men's Tales," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

To the death of Charles IX. from the middle of the sixteenth century, this work traces the great religious revolution to which it is addressed with an even and able hand. It is written in a superior style, and the narrative carries the reader along from event to event, and from person to person, without a momentary abatement in point of interest from first to last. Familiar as the long and sanguinary struggle, displaying many of the virtues and all the atrocities of the human character, has been made by preceding authors, it is here treated in so different a manner as to have much more of the effect of novelty than we could possibly have anticipated. This has been produced by considering the principal personages who figured on the tragic scene more with reference to their individuality, and their changes at various periods as the times altered and they altered with them, than with reference to the complication of circumstances, and the treacheries and conspiracies which caused the new phases, and occasionally joined or separated parties the most opposite or the most united in purpose. By this means we seem to be let more minutely into the interior, and to see the actors and the springs which moved them more clearly than before. We get intimate with a Guise or a Coligny, and from the throne to the lower agencies the whole of the moves and operations are placed palpably before us. Let us add that the publication is handsomely and appropriately embellished, and that every good authority appears to have been consulted for its data, which are fairly stated and temperately weighed. As we have not usually deemed it the province of a literary journal, taking popular views of all the passing topics of the day, to enter deeply into productions of this nature, we shall now stop our pen with simply repeating our most hearty recommendation of a production very excellent in its kind.

The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Vol. VIII. Parker, Furnival, and Parker. The last volume of this handsome and enlarged edition has completed it in a manner highly creditable to the publishers and satisfactory to the public. The battle of Waterloo, and the crowning congratulations upon that great victory, drop the curtain, with splendid consistency, upon the last scene of many glories; and an ample index fitly concludes this most interesting work.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Translated and arranged for Family Reading; with Explanatory Notes, by E. W. Lane, Esq. 2d edit. 3 vols. J. Murray.

"ILLUSTRATED with six hundred woodcuts by Harvey, and illuminated titles by Owen Jones:" such are the visual attractions of these beautiful volumes, the praise of which we loudly sang when first given to the public by Mr. Lane. We rejoice to see them in a second edition, which, strange to say, only their merits prevented their having reached long ago. They were too perfect for the public! The public taste had been formed upon an

erroneous cookery of Oriental and Arabian food, and Mr. Lane took infinite pains to restore it to its wholesome integrity. But it would not do. It so puzzled the palate, that the participants rushed to the conclusion that they would rather continue to take the right wrong than consent to have the wrong right. And consequently the translator's intimate knowledge of Arabian life, and learning in the Arabian language and literature, encumbered instead of helping these imaginative compositions. In the new edition he has, therefore, judiciously undone his troublesome improvements; and we now read as of yore Sultan, Vizier, Aladdin, and all the familiar misnomers of former years. The admirable illustrations remain the same; and we need only say that this is the most elegant, the most interesting, and in every way the best edition of these universally most popular of inventive productions.

Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. Hook. Vol. III. Rivingtons.

THIS is one of the most interesting volumes which the work can possibly embrace; for the period and the persons belong to the grand transitions of religious change—the Church of England before the Reformation, Ireland and the continent under similar circumstances, and nonjurors and dissenters of several denominations, whose biographies bring the historical matter before the reader in the most lively and lifelike manner.

The Emigrant; a Tale of Australia. By W. H. Leigh, Esq., author of "Reconnoitring Travels in South Australia," &c. Pp. 228. Simmonds and Ward.

A VOYAGE out, landing, settling, moving about, and meeting with adventures, in Australia, afford the author (if memory serve?) materials for a facetious story, with characters and sketches enow to amuse the reader; and, though combined with fiction, to give a tolerable notion of the state of society and habits of life in the colony.

Historical Charades. By the Author of "Letters from Madras." Pp. 240. Longmans.

FULL of capital exercises for youthful ingenuity, this little volume is fairly history in sport, furnishing useful information in earnest, besides agreeable pastime.

Christian Examples, in Sermons (each about Six Minutes' long) on the leading Events in the Lives of Apostles and Saints. By the Rev. A. Williams, M.A. Pp. 460. Bowdery and Kerby.

SHORT measures, but an instructive volume for family-reading, and a good companion to the author's *Home-Sermons*, published some time ago.

The Retrospect of Medicine. Edited by W. Braithwaite. Pp. 455. Simpkin and Marshall.

CONTAINS a useful retrospect of discoveries and improvements in medicine during the last half of 1846. But where is ether?

Food for the Million, &c. By Amicus Curie. Pp. 160. Longmans.

AN essay in which the substitution of maize for the potato is earnestly enforced, and the habits and culture of the plant discoursed of at large; whilst the happiest auguries are held out of cheap and plentiful food, and general agricultural improvement. It is, in short, a renewal of Cobbett's proposition; and his failure is endeavoured to be explained away by remediable causes.

The Farmer's Friend. Pp. 340. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

Is a very complete "record of recent discoveries, improvements, and practical suggestions," in the all-important science of agriculture. Every contribution of this sort is valuable; and we trust that within a very few years we shall see the Science which for centuries has only been a series of ignorant and imitative practices, brought to such perfection as to deserve the title, and spread tenfold abundance over the face of the earth, wasting nothing, understanding itself, and producing to the full what our gracious and fecund mother is so competent to provide.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 22d.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. Read "An account of the Yang-tze-kiang," by Capt. Collinson; interspersed with information supplied by the President. Before the occupation of Chusan in 1840, very little or nothing was known of the course of the Yang-tze-kiang from Nankin to the sea. Now, this magnificent river, called by the natives the "Girdle of the Empire," has been navigated by a British fleet, and the way opened for commerce with the very heart of the country, a few points of the coast of which were, previous to the expedition, alone accessible. There is no river in the world to which the Yang-tze-kiang yields in the extent and importance of its traffic, and its fitness for navigation. It was early seen that this would prove the most vulnerable point of the empire; and accordingly Admiral Elliot, in proceeding north to the Gulf of Pih Chile, in the autumn of 1840, detached Capt. Bethune in the Conway, with the Algerine, Capt. Masin, and Young Hebe, to explore the entrance. Notwithstanding the difficulties of this service, from the absence of information and the want of proper interpreters, it was efficiently performed in the months of July, August, and September, and the river penetrated to Fooshan, or eighty miles from its mouth. A practical channel for line-of-battle ships was discovered; and it was ascertained that the war might be conducted into the very heart of the country, where the land and sea forces might combine in their operations. The task of conducting the fleet up the river was entrusted to Sir W. Parker, and Captains Kellett and Collinson, who subsequently, in the Starling and Plover, with the assistance of the H.C. steam-vessel Medusa, under the command of Lieut. Hewitt, completed the survey of the river from Nankin to the sea. The embouchure of the Yang-tze-kiang is not quite sixty miles wide, and is divided into two branches by the Island of Tsung Ming, which is entirely alluvial, thirty miles long and nine broad. This island, formerly used as a place of banishment for criminals, was embanked by them, and from a sandy desert became very fertile. The islands or rocks at the entrance of the river are too small to afford protection under them in bad weather, and are too far distant to afford good leading-marks over the bar, rendering the navigation here somewhat difficult, and causing the total wreck of three vessels, besides serious damage to several others. Beacons have since been erected to facilitate the navigation, which, however, can only be rendered quite secure when a floating light shall be established, as on the north side the channel is bounded by sands which are dry at low water, and extend with little interruption thirty miles; while the evenness of the river's bottom affords no means of ascertaining how far a vessel has advanced, or on which side of the channel she may chance to be.

The Whangpoo joins the Yang-tze-kiang opposite to Bush Island. The former is about a mile wide at the junction, where, on the left bank, is the walled town of Paovshan; two miles and a half up is the dirty village of Woosung, but which derives importance from being the custom-house where all the Chinese junks bound to Siam, Cochin China, Singapore, &c. clear, both on arriving and departing. Shanghai is thirteen miles higher up the Whangpoo, and communicates, by means of the Imperial Canal, with the northern provinces of the empire. This place has already more than fulfilled our brightest anticipations. By our free access to this place we are brought considerably nearer to those localities which produce the staple articles of exportation, namely tea and raw silk. But we must pass over the description of Shanghai, of the ascent of the Whangpoo by the iron steamer, and of the Woosung river which joins the Whangpoo; and return to the Yang-tze-kiang. The width of the latter, opposite the junction of the Whangpoo, is six miles, with a depth of eight and nine fathoms. The best channel is that to the south of Bush Island; it is,

however, confined by sands to a breadth of two miles. To the north of Tsung Ming, twelve miles, is another large island, but of this side little is known. Between the Yang-tze-kiang and Whangho or Yellow River, there are sea-ports available for small vessels; but the Whangho itself is impracticable, owing to strong tides and shifting sands. The Lew-ho river joins the Yang-tze-kiang seventeen miles above the Whangpoo. The entrance of the Lew-ho was considered of so much importance, that it was obstructed by the sinking of junks, and the Columbine was left to blockade it. Point Harvey is at the northern extremity of Tsung Ming Island, from which it is separated by a channel. The first received its name from that of a young midshipman of the Conway, who was killed in a skirmish with the Chinese. From Harvey Point the reach bends west by north-half-north; and fourteen miles from it the river contracts its width to five miles, with a depth of thirteen fathoms. This may be termed the throat; it is fifty-five miles from the sea in a straight line, and seventy by the south channel. The flood here runs only four hours. The southern point of this contracted part is called Point Plover, nine miles above which some low hills come down to the water's edge. Here is an important communication with the grand canal, affording the shortest access to the city of Soochow from the river. Thus far, that is to say, to Fooshan, Capt. Bethune's chart had been used; beyond this all was unknown, except that the pirate Coxinga, according to Le Compté, had passed easily up to Nankin. Seaborne junks, however, terminate their voyage at Fooshan. At the latter place the channel, which from Point Plover had been on the south side, now crosses over to the north side of the river. This part of the river will probably be found the most difficult for navigation, from the constant changes of its bed. Here, on the north side, is the mouth of the Longshan Creek, coming from Tung-chow-foo, whence there is an inland communication northerly, passing within thirty miles of the coast, and joining the sea by six estuaries. It also communicates with the grand canal. As far as the mouth of the Longshan the ascent is favoured by the tides.

Keashan is an isolated cliff on the southern shore, about sixteen miles from Fooshan. A little further, at what is called Koorahan-crossing, the ships had to come over again to the south side of the river. The town of Kiangyin is on the south side of the river, and 116 miles from the mouth. It is surrounded by hills, a spur from which, stretching into the river, narrows its width to little more than a mile, and affords an eligible position for defence. The Chinese had accordingly mounted a few guns here; but on the approach of the exploring steam-vessels their hearts failed them, and not a shot was fired. On the appearance of the fleet the next day the guns were removed. As there is a communication from this place with the grand canal, the Clio was left here to intercept the trade with the northern side of the river. After passing Starling Island, which is five miles long, and the Shuyau Creek, which again joins the river twenty miles higher up, the river trends north ten miles, with deep water on the western side; it then turns west with a middle ground, a portion of which is dry when the river is low. Pursuing this course eight miles, it turns to the south; and the Chooshan hills are seen extending their spurs into the eastern side of the river. From the summit of these hills the gallant chiefs witnessed the long line of seventy-five sail assembling on the one hand, and turned their inquiring gaze on the other, in search of Ching-kiang-foo and Golden Island, which were known to be near, and where it was naturally supposed they would find some work cut out for them. The Chinese had a few guns at the water's edge, which they discharged and then took to flight. The course of the river to the west of Chooshan is very curious, forming a circular basin about nine miles in diameter, but nearly filled up by six islands. A deep channel was found along the right bank,

but the strength of the current compelled them to wait several days for a slant of wind. At the distance of twelve miles the river took a sudden turn to the west, and disclosed at once Kiushan, or Golden Island, with its handsome pagoda and beautiful buildings. Attention, however, was first attracted by Silver Island, which lies exactly at the turn of the river, and separated from the southern bank by a channel three cables' length wide, through which the current was boiling with great rapidity. The temples on this island are prettily situated among embowering trees, and on the main opposite, which is a precipitous cliff, was a broad flagged quay, affording the junks the means of tracking their way against a current which even the steam-vessels found it difficult to stem. Galleries were run along the face of the cliff, communicating with chambers hollowed out of the rock, the strange-shaped peep-holes out of which afforded much amusement. At the foot of this cliff a cleverly masked battery was soon detected, and a sharp cannonade exchanged, which according to the Chinese accounts ended in the sinking of two steamers, while, in truth, the vessel was not even struck.

The paper here expatiates on the great advantage of the light-draught vessels. The reach now took a west by south direction; and on its southern shore, or right bank of the river, two miles above Silver Island, and 600 yards from the water-side, appeared the walls of Ching-kiang-foo. Kiushan, or Golden Island, which is one and a half mile west of the city, was found to be in lat. $32^{\circ} 13' N.$, and lon. $119^{\circ} 31' E.$, being 182 miles by the river and 130 in a straight line from the sea. On the pagoda of Golden Island the union-jack was soon hoisted, proving that the red-haired race had not only possession of an imperial residence, but had also intercepted the communication between the northern and southern provinces. Being thus at the mouth of the great canal, the river was no longer an unknown stream, and the expedition was in possession of the chart constructed by Lord Colchester, who had accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy. We cannot, in this brief abstract, enter into the description of the city of Nankin and of Golden Island, thirteen miles above which the steamers ascended. In a word, then, a river navigation of 225 miles was concluded, 150 of which was previously unknown, and more than seventy vessels penetrated thus far without encountering a disaster sufficient to render any one of them inefficient. It must further be stated, as an instance of what British enterprise will effect, that letters were received at Nankin on the twenty-second day from London!

The reading of this interesting paper being concluded, the President made some observations, of all the more value from his personal acquaintance with Nankin.

2. Mr. J. J. Forrester then exhibited and explained a very beautiful ms. map of the Douro, which he had himself surveyed in great detail, preparatory to a plan for improving its navigation. Mr. Forrester's *visu voce* explanations of the nature of the river and its obstacles, the country on its banks, and its produce, were listened to with much attention, and gave great satisfaction. Mr. Forrester has already published an excellent map of the wine-country of the Douro, and the present map will, we understand, be shortly published.

DAGUERRETYPE INSTITUTION.

PROF. HIGHSCHOOL of Philadelphia is about to open in the Strand a daguerreotype establishment for instruction in the art, and for portraiture. His gallery, at present on private view, has for the last few days been visited by several interested in the progress of photography. We were highly gratified with our visit. Advancement in the art is very marked, and the approach to colour exceedingly remarkable. The gallery contains daguerreotype panoramas—a series of panoramic views of the Falls of Niagara; photographic pictures—illustrations, from life, of the Lord's Prayer, finely

composed; and portraits of eminent persons, &c. The portraits are beautifully clear and distinct, with the best representation of flesh we have yet seen.

We have this week also inspected Mr. Kilburn's photographic productions. The specimens shewn to us were daguerreotypes coloured by M. Mansion. Of this artist's colouring we have already frequently spoken highly. The introduction of landscape and other backgrounds is a fresh improvement in the daguerreotype miniature, but we prefer the pure photograph.

THE NEW PLANET.

The observatories of Altona and Washington have simultaneously recorded that a star of the 7th or 8th magnitude, observed by Lalande on 10th May, 1795, can no longer be found in the heavens at the place where it should be; and that if the path of the new planet be traced back to the 10th of May, 1795, the planet would have been found near to the spot where Lalande at that date noted the star.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

Our report of Mr. Faraday's description of Mr. Barry's plan of ventilation last week contains one or two inaccuracies, which we wish to set right. The principal error is "feet" instead of inches, as the rate per second of the current of air coming down into the house. Mr. Faraday said that a current of 2 feet per second was very sensible, and to be avoided: the current is expected to be not more than 2 or 3 inches in a second. The motive power in the great flue, in conjunction with the steam jet, is the heat from the boiler furnace. This causes the draught, and helps the drawing of the fifteen fire-places. Forty-five degrees is stated to be the temperature of the water of the Trafalgar well as delivered at the house.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 20th.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. Colonel Sykes read an extract of a letter which he had received from Captain Kittoe, in continuation of the detail of his discoveries at Buddha Gaya, of which we gave a notice in a former number. Captain Kittoe had visited Gaya several times since he wrote his former letter, and had found several sculptures of an early date, being at least as old as the reign of Asoka, in the third century before the Christian era. These sculptures are cut in the same sort of stone as that of the great Asoka pillars, remains of one of which still exist at Gaya. One of the groups found by Captain Kittoe represents a body of worshippers adoring a hand, apparently issuing from a cloud or a rock, and holding in its grasp a flame of fire: it is, moreover, surrounded by flames. Several other pieces of sculpture are described; and the writer states that he has copied all those that are of any interest, and that he will take an early opportunity of sending them to London. Captain Kittoe has found an infinity of idols of Buddha at Gaya—some very elegant, and generally with brief inscriptions. There are also many figures, both male and female, with names upon them, and sometimes dates. They are in several instances crowned and jewelled; in others, quite plain. These, he thinks, are undoubtedly funeral monuments, and they exist in great variety.

The caves and inscriptions of Nagarjuni, which were visited by Sir W. Jones, are next noticed. These caves are quite plain, but highly polished within; a work of great labour, arising from the granitic nature of the material. The doorways of the chambers are all of the taper Egyptian form, and have the words *Darasathena Devanampiyena*; or, "by Darasatha, the beloved of the gods," engraved upon them in the Lat'h character, shewing that the title of Devanampiya was not confined to Asoka. Captain Kittoe is inclined to attribute the formation of these caves to the renowned Chandragupta, the contemporary of Alexander the Great.

Captain Kittoe suggests that it would contribute much to the success of antiquarian investigation in India, if all surveyors were directed to enter into their maps of villages the sites of ancient towns, ruins, temples, embankments, &c., and to put the local names in Hindu and Persian. A map of Behar of this sort would be especially valuable. He is quite satisfied that natives will never give intimation of any thing curious: it is absolutely necessary to search upon the spot; and, as an instance, he mentions that after a residence of two years, he has just heard, for the first time, of inscriptions and of the site of a large city within five miles of the place of his residence.

Among the curiosities upon the table we noticed a letter from Timbuctoo, written by a native; and a vocabulary of the languages of some of the tribes of the great African desert, recently brought from the Sahara by Mr. Richardson.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, Mr. Gray "On Phascology," Exhibition of Chilian Eggs, from Mr. Bridges, 8½ p.m.; Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ p.m.; London Institution, 7 p.m.; Graphic, 8 p.m.; Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.; Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. (NO. II.)

In resuming our remarks on this Exhibition, we will take it for granted that many of our readers have witnessed the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in our last number, and read the bitter hostilities with which it has been assailed in various publications. Wholesale and retail has the Gallery been reviled, or "d— with faint praise;" whilst some of the contributors have been so ferociously attacked that we think they may congratulate themselves on having escaped assassination. Such is the too prevalent spirit, misnamed, of criticism. And what has been their offence? We speak not now of Suffolk Street, but of every exhibition that is exposed to the public view in London. The moment the doors are open, in rush the purveyors for the periodical press. To see what is good, notice what is pleasing, and laud what is excellent? No such matter; but to pounce upon the unfortunate artists who have done their best to attain an elevated station in their profession, or those of more lowly ambition, whose livelihood depends upon the success of less lofty efforts. If the former had committed a capital felony instead of a capital work of art, they could not be more ferociously abused; and as for the latter, they are punished off hand, as if by summary jurisdiction, and set disgraced and degraded on the treadmill of opinion for their petty larcenies and misdemeanours.† Art can never flourish, as it would otherwise do, where such discouragement awaits it; and where the guides, to whose dicta far too much consequence is attached, stand much more in need of being taught than the artists and the sight-seekers whom they pretend to instruct. It is throughout the whole mass, from the highest committees of taste and

* In the notice of Mr. Thomas's paper on the coins of Ghazni, inserted in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 20th of March (p. 234), Ibrahim is inadvertently made a *vassal* of Mahmud: it should be *successor*.

† The same remarks, though not to so great a degree, apply to much of the criticism on productions of literature. The authors are forthwith apprehended, or misapprehended; examined, misrepresented, and treated as offenders. Of the mildest sentences we may speak as Lord Chesterfield spoke of other capacious gentry of the same cast a century ago: "You French critics (he said) seek for a fault as eagerly as I do for a beauty; you consider things in the worst light, to shew your skill, at the expense of your pleasure; I view them in the best, that I may have more pleasure, though at the expense of my judgment."

commissioners of national works, and trustees and directors of every description or union, to the last dabbling individual who chooses for himself,—it is, we repeat, throughout the whole, the bane of British art, that so large a majority of these judges are so ignorant of the subjects on which they are called to decide, that it would be infinitely better to determine by drawing lots. Incompetent tribunals and a misdirected public mind concur admirably together to perpetrate the jobs and abortions which illustrate the productions of architecture, sculpture, and painting, everywhere around us. A normal school to educate our leaders is a greater desideratum than schools for any of the practical class. The absurdity is so glaring that it is impossible for any person of common sense to peruse a list of any one of the bodies to whom the adjudication of the prizes in the grand lotteries of art is entrusted, without bursting into laughter at the incongruity of many of the names, and feeling the perfect conviction, from a knowledge of the parties and their pursuits in life, that they could absolutely know nothing at all about the matters referred to them: "Where the blind lead the blind, both must fall in the ditch." But enough of this: we proceed with our summary of Suffolk Street.

No. 8. "Sunset." J. Tennant.—Is a pretty landscape composition of that pleasing character which it is always gratifying to look upon. Of the artist's other pieces, all partaking more or less of the same beauties, we need only instance No. 186, "Chepstow," as a fair example of his talents in making these faithful transcripts from nature to his canvass. There is more human action in No. 481, "The Smugglers' Retreat and Arrest;" but it is on the scenery, chiefly of Wales and on the Thames, that Mr. T. takes his stand.

No. 10. "An English Pastoral." J. Wilson, jun.—Is a sweet and genuine representation of what its title imports, and the first in the catalogue of a lot of his of great merit. Among which we may point attention to 82, a charming little bit; and 126, "The Cowherd," another (hung near the ground, and deserving of higher places, viz. Nos. 122, 123, 124, 125, and 127, "The Wayside," W. Shayer—"A Salmon-Trout," H. J. Pidding—"Dutch Market-boat," H. Lancaster—"Mid-day, Coast of France," A. Clint—"Tadmorden Vale," J. W. Allen). Six or eight other agreeable pieces of simple rural scenery prove the junior J. Wilson to be of the right stock, to the head of which we shall come by and by, as we travel through our task.

No. 20. "Hastings Beach;" and No. 24, "Shakespeare's Cliff;" are two clear and brilliant circles by J. Holland; but surpassed in richness of colour and effect by his No. 45, "Vespers," a very vivid production; and still more to our taste by his "Barbigo Palace," No. 48, an admirable performance, crisp in touch, with light and shade finely alternating, and the general effect irreproachable. Nos. 232, 33, 46, and 531, are worthy of the same graceful and finished hand.

No. 25. "The Close of a Selfish Life." E. Prentis.—A painful and awful, but a just and useful, lesson to the miserly wretches who want in the midst of wealth, and whose whole lives are a libel upon humanity. To expect feeling for others from beings who do not feel for themselves would be ridiculous; but it is a righteous judgment that none should feel for them. Here lies on his deathbed and at his last gasp the abhorrent miser; and two female harpies of a low order are ransacking and plundering his hoard before the breath has quitted his attenuated body. The colouring is sombre, and befitting the business that is doing, the death-struggle, embittered perhaps by some consciousness of the plunder, and the reckless robbery of Avarice at its close by Avarice on its criminal course. It is a well told, though a revolting tale.

No. 29. "Gifts of Nature." G. Clint.—What a contrast! The most delicious fruits, the choicest of wines, the brightest of glasses, and as nice a

lass as could be associated with such "Gifts," show us how much there is in the world to enjoy, and what a fool as well as villain the miser must have been. Much thanks to the worthy Mr. Clint for this relief, which is very cleverly painted, and very tempting to behold.

No. 31. "The Pedlar." A. Montague.—One fair specimen of fourteen contributions from the same easel, and all reflecting much credit upon it. We spoke highly of No. 61 in our last *Gazette*; and, not to devote too large a proportion of our space to specification, shall only add that the other Nos. range between landscapes ably executed, and genre pieces, several of them Scotch, full of character and lifelike action.

No. 33. "St. Michel's Mount, Cornwall." H. Lancaster.—What strikes us most in this clever landscape (though all good) is the fine reflection on the clouds, in which the artist has happily caught a lovely natural truth. 102, "Shrimpers;" and 110, "French Coast," are also extremely natural; the latter a delightful subject. Our own, and various parts on the opposite shores, furnish the artist with similar, though various, views, which he has treated with equal skill.

No. 34. "Quiétude." J. F. Herring.—Two horse's heads which E. Landseer might own with pleasure, and a stable-yard, enlivened by pigeons, just as it were to point the listless quiet of their equine companions. The whole composition, the drawing of the animals, and the expression in consonance with the title, are about the best that can belong to this class of art.

No. 49. "Banditti dividing their Spoil." J. Zeiter.—A clever picture, characteristic, and well coloured; but we had better select for our highest praise of this artist's praiseworthy productions (ten in number, and all meritorious) No. 136, "The Hungarian Gipsy," a composition of sparkling interest and lively contrasts. The gentle ladies, on their handsome and gaily caparisoned steeds, shew charmingly by the bronzed and picturesque tribe who foreknow all the fortunes of all the rest of their species. The scene is exceedingly animated, and the story told in so agreeable a style that it cannot fail to please. See also 361, "The Elopement;" and more especially 470, "Travellers in a Snow-storm," as examples of a pencil of very varied and cultivated powers. In the last-mentioned subject both the animate and inanimate features are treated in a masterly manner.

No. 66. "Morning." C. Josi.—The landscape, earth and sky, is as sweet as may be; the cows are rather of an ugly breed, though ably painted, and well disposed for picturesque effect. No. 227, "Waiting for the Hay-boat," by the same, is of a superior order, and managed with great talent. Mr. Josi has made the most of a common yet attractive rural incident, and accordingly a delightful picture out of lovely nature.

No. 67. "Morning." J. W. Allen.—Nothing can exceed the sweetness of this imitation of a bending wood and a flowing breeze, as day has broken upon the landscape. They are truth itself. We have already noticed so many of Mr. Allen's other works, that we may fairly leave the rest to do what they will do, attract the eye of every visitor to the Gallery.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' SHIELD.

WE have been favoured from Berlin with a copy of the *Portfeuille* containing an engraving of the above remarkable work of art, and of segments of the various circles of which it is composed. And as the British public must feel an interest in it, at least equal to that which it has inspired in Germany, we hasten to lay a brief account of it before our readers. The history may first be premised:

In 1842 the King of Prussia, as all must remember, stood godfather to our Prince of Wales when christened at Windsor, January 25, and resolved, as we are told in a trifling description of it, to dedicate to him a Shield, the execution of which should correspond with the importance of the cere-

mony, and be worthy of the present state of German art. Cornelius was accordingly commissioned by his Majesty to compose the pictorial embellishments; and the First Privy Architectural Councillor, Stüler, to design the architectural ornaments. To Calandrelli, a lapidary, and G. Hossauer, goldsmith to the court, the charge of the enamelling and plate was entrusted. The celebrated Cornelius, the great fresco-painter of Munich,* accordingly made the drawings of the subjects, and Privy Councillor Stüler, of the architecture, which were modelled in wax by Aug. Fischer, and thence chased by Aug. Mertens, all eminent in the Prussian school of Fine Arts. The Shield, taken as a whole, is a singular production, of a character somewhat similar (by mingling sacred and profane, and past and present) to Barry's paintings in the great room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi. In the centre is a noble head of Christ, from which radiates a rich ornamented cross, dividing the Shield into four compartments. Within the first circle the sacraments are represented, and on the spokes (if we may so call them) of the cross between are figures of the four Evangelists, surrounded by beautiful traceries, writing down the account of what is passing before them. In the next circle we have striking allegories of Divine Grace in operation, the Virtues, and other types emanating from the central influence, and acting on the destinies of the human race. In the circle on the outside of this, separated as the others are by an arabesque border, are the Twelve Apostles, with symbols and accompaniments of scriptural application. The life of Christ is also illustrated by pictures of some of its prominent circumstances, such as his entrance into Jerusalem riding on an ass, his driving the money-changers from the temple, his betrayal and crucifixion, &c. And here, we may say (not having gone into minute details), the portion of the work dedicated to the scriptures terminates, and we find the *addenda* of 1842, which form rather a curious anomaly, and like all the rest, certainly more in the German than in the English style of art. In one compartment of the circle we have two Pages preceding the Archbishop of Canterbury, and bearing water for the baptism of the infant prince. They proceed towards our Queen, crowned and reclining on a couch, attended by female figures very slightly draped—one on the left, and nearest the boys, particularly obvious for the nude and full in form. On the other side a messenger, Mercury like, rushes in to announce the coming of the Duke of Wellington (the second godfather), who appears in a car, the back of which is inscribed "Waterloo." His grace is figured as an aged man in a cloak. Prince Albert, nearly as a Greek warrior, stands beside his royal consort; and other personages of high rank fill up this part of the august ceremony. The last division presents us with the King of Prussia seated in an antique vessel, and supposed to be received with due honours in the river Thames. His majesty looks youthful, and wears a picturesque hat, not unlike that worn by the corps of Beefeaters. Towards the prow is the Baron Von Humboldt; and towards the stern (where a Genius is steering), are General Von Natzmer, and Count Von Stolberg, the attendants upon the king. The inscription is:

FRIDERICUS GUILIELMUS REX BORUSSORUM
ALBERTO EDUARDO PRINCIPI WALLIE
IN MEMORIAM DIEI BAPT. XXV. JAN. A. MDCCCLXII.

Such are the principal incidents and features in this splendid performance, which we are assured is executed in the metal in the most superb and brilliant manner. We cannot, of course, from mere etchings, however clever and correct, presume to offer any criticism upon it as a specimen of the truly grand art; as an example of its own country, and the age, it must be a permanent heirloom. There is great breadth in some of the compartments, and a noble flow of outline. The ela-

* From which, we hear, he has been driven by the king.—*Ed. L. G.*

boration of the entire design shews a fertile talent for invention; and every thing introduced, even to the slightest accessories, is allusive and congenial to the spirit of the main conception, and the expression desired by the Royal Godfather. Occasionally there appears to be a little grotesque; and the ideas do not (as we have intimated) always harmonise; but as a whole, it is a memorable and magnificent performance, and a gift not unworthy of a monarch to present, and a prince to receive.

Portrait of Thomas Campbell. Painted by T. C. Thompson; engraved by W. O. Geller.

AN accompanying fac-simile of an autograph shews how much the poet was pleased with this portrait, and we are not surprised at it, for it is a very good, pleasing, and characteristic likeness. The Bard of Hope is seated on an easy-chair, with a roll of paper in his left hand; the right naturally raised towards his breast. The head is thoughtfully expressed, and the whole calm and well composed. The engraving also does infinite credit to the artist; and wherever seen by those familiar with the countenance and appearance of the original, will assuredly be welcomed as an excellent memorial of him.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, April 6, 1847.

If I have allowed several weeks to elapse without speaking of our theatres, it is that really I saw nothing of any interest which I could communicate about them. The five-act comedy which M. Leon Gozlan has produced at the Théâtre Français, *Notre fille est Princesse*, has nothing original in it but the title. It is, after all, but a very antiquated satire against the mania for noble alliances, in which it is said that certain *parvenus*, plebeians and rich, will indulge. I, for one, do not believe in this ridicule of a past age; and I notice on the contrary, amongst a good many enriched merchants, a very sensible dread of admitting to their houses young patricians, whose debts they would first have to pay, and then whose contempt they should endure. The view taken by M. Leon Gozlan is consequently wanting both in novelty and in truth. Nor has he succeeded in obviating this capital defect by elegance and piquancy in dialogue; and his play therefore fell very flat, not in presence of a sibilating, but of a yawning audience. M. Mery, a countryman of M. Leon Gozlan (both are from Marseilles), has also experienced a slight check. In the habit of making a jest of every thing, and of launching forth occasionally some astounding paradox, M. Mery very seriously asserts that dramatic works, comedy, drama, or vaudeville, are to be written extempore, even just as the most lack-a-daisical *bouquet à Chloris*. He will offer to manufacture for you a Racine, a Corneille, or a Molière, as much as you please, by the hour, like cab hire, or by the minute, like a culet. It is nothing—such appears to be his belief—but the work of filling up a certain number of *bontirimes*; and as he has for impromptu versification a marvellous facility, he is in the habit of producing on the stage, since it is open to him, comedies without number—and without success. The last, entitled the *Paquebot*, is an old imbroglio dished up again; the venerable history of *Cassandre* taking to flight with his *Angélique*, to avoid certain conjugal disasters, and pursued unrelentingly by the miscreant who would attempt his honour. Ousted from every place of refuge, he decides upon crossing the Channel; but the Lotharios embark with him, and in the packet where we find him, all the passengers and the captain himself worry him, and are intent upon the abduction of *Angélique*, his ward, whom he designs to make his wife. A thousand stratagems are invented to outwit his watchful jealousy; imaginary storms, fantastical shipwrecks, &c.; and

* Any of our friends and subscribers curious to see the engraving may do so at the *Lit. Gaz.* office.—*Ed. L. G.*

lastly, when the packet reaches the harbour, the unfortunate man is completely overreached, his ward escapes, and marries one of the three or four tars who have kept prowling around her.

The play of M^{lle}. de Girardin, *Cléopâtre*, will not yet be produced at the Théâtre Français. Madame de Girardin is loath to brave the dangers of the fine season and of the approaching departure of M^{lle}. Rachel. This departure, however, threatens to be final—at least, if we are credit the report of a *feuilletoniste*, usually well informed, who imparts fairly enough the sad intelligence:

"*Hermione*," he says, "(and you know that *Hermione* is the natural pseudonyme of M^{lle}. Rachel, whose impersonation of that character in the play of Racine, is one of the finest she has created), *Hermione* seems to be rolling in her mind sinister thoughts. She is bent upon leaving Epirus, Pyrrhus, and M. Buloz (royal commissary at the Théâtre Français, and editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*), to go—Melpomene knows where. The tender of her resignation, made by the tragedian six months ago, has just been renewed. 'Tis not a caprice, 'tis not a threat; facts speak for themselves; 'people say that *Hermione* is selling her palaces and domains, is realising her treasures, and has given all the visible signs of approaching emigration. But still we trust for our sake, for the sake of tragedy, for the sake of the Théâtre Français, and above all for the sake of *Hermione* herself, that M^{lle}. Rachel will only indulge in a *fuite à Varennes*."

This last sentence is an allusion to the flight of Louis XVI., when he attempted an escape from his rebellious subjects, to place himself under the protection of the allied armies. This naturally brings us back to the "*Histoire des Girondins*," and to the singular *feuilleton* which the Vicomte Charles de Launay (alias Madame Emile de Girardin) has published on the book of M. de Lamartine. In this article the *feuilletoniste*, forgetting her sex and her age, directs a most extraordinary and unbecoming attack against antiquated blue stockings in general, and Madame Roland in particular, whom she unhesitatingly designates as a *sieuz bas-bleu taché de sang*, and whom she blames for having married, for the sake of interest, a man of austere manners and older than herself. On this double text, so strangely selected, I cannot sufficiently describe how insultingly Madame de Girardin has enlarged against a woman who would have been the pride of ancient republics, and whose life Plutarch would have gloried in writing. It is saddening to think, that a spotless life and an heroic death have not been sufficient to protect the blue stockings of Madame Roland from other stains by far more infamous.

We will now, if you please, resume our visit to the Salon, hitherto interrupted by the abundance of literary news. Beyond the painting of M. Thomas Couture, which I have already mentioned to you, it would be difficult for me to quote another great work of importance. The two "*Judiths*" of Ziegler and Horace Vernet appear to me, on mature inspection, two conceptions which have proved failures in their vastly differing styles. And if it be not just to say, with a wag of our acquaintance, that we might afford to give the *Judith* of Vernet not to have the *Judith* of Ziegler, it would be equally wrong and untrue to attach to either a serious importance. But if the Salon be wanting in high art,—and how can we wonder at this, when Ary, Scheffer, Delacroix, and so many others, do not figure amongst the competitors?—on the other hand, the painting *de genre* is abundantly represented. It must be said that this style of painting, favoured by public taste, has made great progress in France: small paintings are so well suited to our small tenements, our small purses, and also to our meagre intelligence! We can relish the painted vaudeville as well as the written vaudeville. M. Delacroix, whose eccentric talents are contested, but who has fanatical admirers, if he has been aimed at by intemperate criticism, has also

been compelled, just as many another, to reduce the size and augment the number of his paintings. It is unquestionable that he has lost ground by it; for the awkwardness of his touch, the inaccuracy of his design, were much better lost sight of in the vastness of a huge canvass, than in the small compass of a vignette, embraced by one single glance. M. Delacroix has submitted for exhibition a "*Corps de garde à Méquinez*" (Méquinez is a town in Morocco), an "*Odalisque*," some "*Musiciens Juifs*," a "*Fantasia*" of Morocco horsemen, a "*Barque abandonnée*," and a "*Christ mourant*." All these compositions bear the same character; they are remarkable for boldness in perspective, for a degree of disorder in pencilling almost inconceivable, and here and there for some lucky hit in colouring. But even here, it should be remarked that all is conventional colouring. Thus, his "*Odalisque*" displays the finest violet, his Morocco horsemen are brick-red or nut colour, his Christ has an equivocal yellow tinge, here and there stained with claret. All this does not stop critical journalists from applauding and from oborgating the Vandalism of the public, who obstinately persists in not understanding these disagreeable enigmas.

For my part, I prefer by far the compositions of MM. Adolphe and Armand Leleux. These two brothers, rivals by their talents, draw their inspirations directly from nature; and that great instructress has taught them marvellously well. They select generally the most simple subjects: gipsies stopping in front of an inn—workmen asleep on some road—amateurs wending silently their way through some defiles of the Pyrenees; and their talent consists in ennobling the vulgarity of these scenes by the vigorous manner in which they put in relief the character both of landscape and physiognomy. This year, faithful to these traditions, the second of these painters has shewn us a "*Muletier Andalou*" (*arriero*) reading by the light of a lamp an old dirty book; and a "*Spanish peasant playing the guitar*." These two small paintings are masterpieces for colouring and truth of attitude. The head of the reader, especially, upon which the light of the lamp shines in full, and which yet is brought out without harshness from the deep shade which darkens the background, resembles much the best inspirations of the Flemish school. Adolphe Leleux has some "*Pâtres des Pyrenees jouant avec des chiens*;" charming banditti on a small scale, who enliven with their laugh and white teeth a majestic solitude in the mountains. It is a work full of truth and poesy, and each quality is most striking. The same clever and powerful touch may be traced in the "*Bergers des Landes*,"—who travel perched on their stilts, bearing a distant resemblance to wild herons,—and again in the "*Retour du Marché*," in which swarm, and gaily throng, the clods and peasant-girls of Lower Brittany.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH FAIR A CENTURY AGO.

THE trite and homely proverb, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," suggests more profitable reflections, and conveys more metaphysical information, than many a page of Greek philosophy. Were we required to describe in few words one of the worst venial errors of our race—venial, because so frequently coupled with the best intentions, the utmost ingenuity could not compress it into an apothegm shorter than this. And who can tell the inconveniences and miseries which arise from the unwillingness of most people to allow the *sequitur*, "let every one be happy in his own way?" This is precisely what no one will permit if he can help it, even when in the most amiable mood, and with every desire to confer happiness. It cannot be too often impressed on all our minds, that happiness is too sacred a gift, and too valuable in its nature to be thus trifled with. Some will be enraptured for hours at a concert; others would consider the infliction equal to one of the smaller punishments of purgatory. Some have sufficient taste to be equally

transported with the broken Elgin marbles in all their ruggedness; others would prefer a study of art at Madame Warton's. Some will travel many miles to hear Grist, and see nothing improper in the meretricious allurements of the ballet; but the same judges would probably consider the rough performances at Richardson's, or a tumble down the hill at Greenwich on Easter Monday, as an abomination not to be endured, and calling for immediate suppression.

As far as our own predilections are concerned, the attractions of Greenwich Fair possess few charms; but we would advocate its continuance, were it merely from a desire to interpose one exception to the prevailing custom of interfering wholesale with the amusements of the poor, and leaving those of the rich unreformed.* It arises most likely more from want of consideration than from real unkindness. The gentleman with his park should not endeavour to enclose the parish green, nor should one who has the *entrée* to Covent Garden prohibit the charity-boy from enjoying Punch and Judy. This *argumentum ad animam* is indefinitely increased when we are deciding on the amusements of the few public holidays. For heaven's sake, let these be preserved immaculate. Those "who have been long in city pent," and those only, know what a holiday really is.

Greenwich Fair has become doubly precious to the Cockney since the cruel suppression of Bartholomew, the evils and vices of which were not to be brooked, even once in a year, by the same good-feeling and charitable common-council who now advocate the daily nuisance of Smithfield market, and are impervious to the unnecessary cruelties there perpetrated, to say nothing of the accidents so prolific in all the approaches to that disgusting receptacle. The fair itself is held in a street near the pier, forming an avenue of shows and booths, Richardson's being conspicuous amongst the latter. Can we describe it better than a writer did Bartholomew Fair in 1641? "It is remarkable and worth your observation to behold and hear the strange sights and confused noise in the fair. Here, a knave in a fool's coat, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you, and would fain persuade you to see his puppets. There, a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion. On the other side Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape or ribbin in his hand, shewing his art of legerdmain to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches. Amongst these you shall see a grey goose-cap, as wise as the rest, with a *What d'ye lack?* in his mouth, stand in his booth shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken that they presently cry out for these fopperies." The park is, of course, a great attraction during the fair; boys and wenches tumbling down the hill, and scrambling for oranges, affording amusement to many children of larger growth. Scratch-backs, small toys which produce a clicking noise on being drawn down the back, are sold by thousands, and woe be to the person who is surly on being so familiarly handled. After all, they are very harmless, and people who go to fairs must not be too fastidious.

We have made these few remarks chiefly with a view of introducing a rare ballad on Greenwich Fair, written nearly a hundred years ago (1756), which may be read with interest not only by the visitors to the modern fair, but by those who rejoice to see old amusements so little changed by the lapse of time:

"Next week, my dear, says John to Mary,
I will work hard I do declare,
Live sober, and be very cheery,
But now we will go to Greenwich Fair.

* The putting down of Fairs all around the metropolis as injurious to the morals of the people, and licensing the *Pose Plastiques*, and *Bals* to match, within every public place and obscure alley within its circle, is about the most perfect piece of legislative humbug that ever was committed. More vice and general demoralisation are taught and tolerated in one evening now in London, than all the fairs in the Country could generate in a year.—Ed. L. G.

Oh, the humours and diversions are so
Pleasing, I declare,
Of all the sports and recreations, none
Come up to Greenwich Fair.
Greenwich, Ohoy! each man bawling,
Tagrag and bobtail carts they fill,
Singing, hugging, squeezing, hawling,
All the way to Greenwich hill.
Hunters, sweeps, and kennel-rakers,
Tailors and barbers, I declare,
Weavers, winsters, and mantua-makers,
Dress'd in their best, bought at Rag-fair.
Tradesmen with their wives and daughters
To see the fun to Greenwich go;
Music playing on the waters,
Colours flying as they row.
Piping, drumming, swearing, splashing,
The world afloat you would believe;
The ladies' cloaths the water splashing,
The waterman laughs in his sleeve.
When into Greenwich they arriving,
To the Park they go for fun;
Through the gate there's squeezing, striving,
Down the hill to have a run.
When all their pastime here is over,
Then they go to eat and drink;
Cram down ham as a horse would clover,
Till they'd burst you'd really think.
Wednesday ends the Greenwich pleasure,
Thursday Bow Fair it begins;
I'll keep it up, says John to Mary,
So persuade her pawn her things.
This carries them through Friday,
Saturday makes Mary squeak;
Her clothes all pawned, he starves on Sunday,
And runs in debt all the next week."

Although street-ballads are far from obsolete, we have not been successful in procuring any metrical relic of Greenwich Fair in these later days; nor would it be easy to obtain those curious bills of sights and monsters, which so soon become rare and valuable illustrations of the amusements of the public. A little industry, however, would enable one to collect pieces of that description without expense, and when brought together really of marketable value. We hope this hint will not be lost on those who collect fragments and cuttings from newspapers. They will thank us hereafter for volumes not lightly to be prized; and age may confer upon them the value of black-letter ballads. The *Roxburghe Ballads*, now worth more than their weight in gold, would not have been admitted into a scholar's library at the time of their appearance. So it always is. Antiquity in many cases depresses the value of scholastic labours, and increases that of the documents and books of the people.

J. O. H.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

COLLECTIONS FOR AN ATHENEZ CANTABRIGIENSES.

BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ.—NO. VI.

AMES (WILLIAM).—A native of Shropshire, educated at Emanuel College, and chosen fellow of Queen's College in 1644. He was incorporated M.A. at Oxford, on March 24th, 1651. A manuscript commonplace-book of his, chiefly consisting of extracts from theological works, is in the library of St. Martin's in the Fields.

ANNESLEY (SAMUEL).—Member of Emanuel College. The author of: 1. "A Sermon at the funeral of Mr. Whitaker, minister of Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey," London, 1673. 2. "A supplement to the Morning Exercise at Cripplegate," 4to, 1674. 3. "The Life of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Brand," 8vo, London, 1692. A sermon of his is printed in the "Casuistical Morning Exercises," vol. iv.

ANSCELL (THOMAS).—Fellow of Jesus College, B.A. in 1621, and B.D. in 1631. He was born at Barfield, in Bedfordshire, and deprived of his fellowship in 1644. Author of a Latin epigram in Winterton's edition of Hippocrates, 12mo, Cantab. 1633.

ARCHER (THOMAS).—Fellow of Trinity College, born at Bury St. Edmund's on August 12th, 1554. He was rector of Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, in 1589, having previously taken the degree of B.A. in 1580. Aubrey, in his *ms. Collections in*

the Ashmolean Museum, mentions a *ms. Diary of Archer* which he had seen preserved at Houghton Conquest; and this appears to have been lost soon afterwards; and in 1760 we find it in the possession of Dr. Grey, who lent it to Cole, and his zeal has preserved a copy of most of it. I here extract a portion of the autobiographical part, in preference to compressing the materials in the form of a continuous narrative, because documents of this nature are of very unfrequent occurrence: "Thomas Archer, qui capellanus erat illustrissimi regis Jacobi, inductus erat in rectoriam de Houghton Conquest alias Fraunches, et in rectoriam de Houghton Gildable, 21 Maii, 1589. I paved the upper part of the chancell with paving tile in 1623, 21 regis Jacobi, *quo anno* I made my grave in the chancell by the vestrie-dore seven foote deepe with Wotton brick; as also I made my coffin the same yeere, with theses figures on yt, 1623. The chauncell was fully paved and finished, as also a new dore for the chauncell, by me in 1625, *quo anno* obiit illustrissimus rex Jacobus. I was admitted chapleine to the reverent father in God Dr. John May, Bishope of Carlile, his neere kynsman, decimo quarto die Novembris a.d. 1584, et sum consecrationis anno decimo. I was sometime Fellowe of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and admitted Publicke Preacher under the seale of the Universitie, bye the full consent of all the regents and non-regents in ther Senate-Howse, commonly called Nova Capella, decimo nono die Junii 1588, at wch tyme I was Master of Arts of six yeeres' standing. I was ordained minister on Sept. 24th, 1584, by William Wiccam, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, anno primo sum consecrationis. I was inducted into the parsonages of Houghton Conquest and Gildable May 22nd, being the Thursday in Whitson weeke, 1589, and readd the articles agreed upon by the bishopes in the Convocation-Howse upon 22d of May, 1589; and readd them also the second tyme before the whole congregation, and gave his approbation therunto that they were good and godly to his knowledge, and agreeing with the word of God, in the presence of the whole congregation, June 8th, 1589.† I was admitted chapleine, after the death of his Lord the Bishope of Carlill, unto the Right Reverent Father in God John Whitgift, Archbishope of Canterburie, the 12th of May, 1599, 40 Eliz. I was dispensed withall under the Broade Seale of England for the holding of twoe parsonages *cum cura animarum*, May 3rd, 1589, 31 Eliz. The 28th of July, being our Towne Feast Day, and the Sunday after St. James, in 1605, King James was in his ryal person present in the church of Houghton Conquest, whear he hard Divine Service, and a sermon preached by one Mr. Baly, chapleine to the Earle of Suffolk. At wch tyme his Majestie was attended with diverse noblemen, as the Duke of Linnox, Henry Howard Earle of Northampton, Thomas Howard Earle of Suffolk and Lord Chamberlaine, Robert Cyclic Earle of Salisbury, Charles Blunt Earle of Denshire, the Earle of Penbrooke and the Earle of Montgomery, the Lord Knowles, the Lord Wotton, and the Lord Stanhope, with Dr. Watson, Bishope of Chichester and Almoner to the Kinge, Dr. Mountegue, Dean of the Chappell, and Dr. Neile, Clerke of the Closset. King James lay 27th and 28th July, 1605, at Houghton Berie, and the Queene at Hawns. I preached before the King's Majestie and his nobylitie at Hawns in Bedfordshire, July 30th, 1605, and was the same day, by the Kinge's commandement, sworne and admitted the King's Chapleine in Ordinarie. Text, cap. 2, Cantic. ver. 15, 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes which destroy the vynes, for our vynes have small grapes.' I preached before the King at Bletsoe in Bedfordshire, July 26th, 1612, and attended at the Court, and ther wayted seven weeke and two dayes. I preached

* It will be observed that he sometimes speaks of himself in the third person.

† In another place, he says that he was inducted on May 21st, and read the articles on the 22d.

before the King's Majestie and the Queene at Toddington in Bedfordshire, July 24th, 1608. I gave to the poore people of Houghton Conquest out of my charitie, fowar little pittells conteyning betwene five and six acres of Pasture, lying in the parriah of H. C. in Howe End, which I bought of Robert Hewet of Milbroock, esquier, for one hundred of pownds of lawfull mony of England. I gave to the church of Houghton Conquest a gilt communion cupp with a cover of silver gilt, Oct. 1st, 1620, waying sixteen ounces and a quarter and twelve graynes, at 7s. 2d. the ounce. All the trees growing in the churchyard wear planted at my cost in the yeare 1600." So far Archer's own account of himself, some trifling particulars of which I have taken the liberty of omitting. Bernard* gives us the following title of one of Archer's *ms.* formerly in the possession of a member of Gray's Inn: "A large Miscellany, or Divine Commonplace-book, in English, by Thomas Archer, Parson of Houghton Conquest in Leicestershire, A.D. 1589, fol."

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday week Verdi's *Ernani* was revived. This was the opera in which the new tenor, Castigliano, of last season, and the soprano, Pasini, made their unsuccessful debut. It cannot be considered one of the author's most successful compositions; and we think he has not made so much of the story as he might have done. The situations are so striking, more especially as regards the tenor part, which Fracchini took, that we might have expected a fine scena for that character; but in the principal scene, where *Ernani* hears the fatal bugle of *Ruy Gomez*, we have a very complicated trio, exhibiting far more the skill of the composer than expressing the feelings of *Ernani* and *Elvira*. The most pleasing and elegant aria is that for the baritone, sung by Supercchi with great taste and effect, and rewarded with a well-deserved encore. Castellan continues to improve in her singing, and bids fair to take a high position. Our opinion of Fracchini's singing remains unchanged: he possesses great power and energy, but is very deficient in sweetness.

The Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—This new opera-house, "established for the purpose of rendering a more perfect performance of the lyric drama than has hitherto been attained in this country," opened on Tuesday last, according to long previous announcement, and anxiously looked for by various parties. Indeed, so forcibly are the elements of the opera-world in London disturbed, that there is considerable danger lest the real love and feeling for the delightful art of music should be supplanted, and the true estimation of what is really good or bad be blinded and perverted by partisanship of every kind. We can, as we have already professed, have no interest but that of the art and our readers in the matter; it will therefore be our aim, as heretofore, to give always a true report, and to apply that kind of criticism which may tend to elevate the standard of the art in those who listen and those who perform. The avowed principles upon which this undertaking is to be conducted challenge criticism; and as perfection can only be arrived at by the discovery of faults, we shall find as many as need be pointed out. The new interior is as a whole very effective; the general form is good, and the style of decoration, which may be described as white and gold, with crimson hangings, is very brilliant, and suitable for a theatre. The ceiling, which is oval, is elaborately painted with six sorts of entablatures, each supported by nymphs and satyrs, alternately surrounded with wreaths of fruit and flowers and arabesque, and bearing the name of a great musician; above each, seated on clouds, are groups of goddesses and little angel-bambinos. Over the proscenium at each angle are large figures of Italia and Britannia, painted on gold ground, and

* Catalogus Manuscriptorum Anglie. Fol. Oxon. 1697. P. 255.

between them the royal arms of England. The form of the house is preserved up to the ceiling; the places called the amphitheatre appearing like the front of the boxes. It is lit à jour, and is then a most brilliant house. The saloons and sitting-rooms are very splendid and richly carpeted, as are the stairs; the cloak-rooms are especially convenient. The pit is divided into arm-chair seats, covered with leather, and very comfortable; the pit-stalls are the same; and the slope is gradual from the stage to the back of the pit, so that nothing intercepts the sight. The drive under the portico is a most valuable improvement, and will save many a cold. *Semiramide* being the opera, we had Grisi in her great character, Tamburini as *Assur*, a new contralto, Alboni, as *Arscace*, with a new tenor, Lavinia, and basso, Tagliafico. The hand is much as in the old opera, except that Sainon leads and Blagrove is second. Costa was received with great applause, and at his magic beck the overture began. As such an overture should be, this may stand beside any ever written: it is full of meaning, and the music flows beautifully from one subject to another; all the niceties of expression were admirably given, and with a fine quality of tone, especially in the violins. It was evident that great attention had been given to the whole, and it sounded more like an overture played at the Philharmonic than in a theatre. Tamburini was very warmly greeted, and sang the part with a degree of perfection seldom heard. He possesses that extraordinary power of articulating rapid passages which makes him unrivalled in Rossini's music; and in acting he is always correct and expressive; but in more cantabile passages his voice is not what it was in quality of tone, the middle being still good, but the higher and low notes appeared to us to be weaker and less under command than when we last heard him. In the last scene, before entering the tomb, one which is generally omitted, he sang exceedingly well and with fine expression. Grisi is much as usual, exhibiting some effort in the high notes, but singing in a style and with effect that she alone can achieve in such a character; and we thought too she sang with more care. Alboni, the contralto, completely surprised the audience by her beautiful execution. Though not equal in voice to the Brambilla, she sings in a very charming and perfect manner: so great was the enthusiasm of the audience, that when about to end the beautiful aria beginning "O qual orrore!" a shout of applause broke in upon the last note; so that her *début* was most successful. The tenor and bass appear to be better singers than usual in the second-rate parts. The general performance of the opera was, as a whole, very satisfactory; but in the finale to the first act we missed the massive tones of Lablache, which he uses with such admirable effect in concerted pieces. The national anthem followed, performed in a very indifferent manner; and then the ballet, called *Odaïque*, which at the very late hour could have been dispensed with, more especially as it is not interesting.

Drury Lane.—The novelty here is a grand Oriental musical spectacle, called *The Imam's Daughter*, in which Mr. Hughes' "mammoth establishment" performs the most important part. It was first exhibited for the Easter Monday's entertainment, and is just suited to please the holiday folks; it having no pretensions to any thing beyond what has been seen often at Astley's, and supplies nothing to lighten the regret felt at seeing our national drama stage so misused. The music from David's *Desert*, and the good singing of Mr. Risher, seem quite out of place in a series of *mélées* of men, horses, and camels. The last scene, in which the crowd of camels, elephants, and horses come through an archway down the stage, is certainly very imposing; but the whole piece is devoid of any general story or plot. The stage is covered by a new false stage; and it was interesting to see the sagacious elephants feeling the strength of the boards with their trunks before taking each step.

We were pleased to find the opera of *Maritana* had attracted a full house; it speaks well for the music, although it was, with the exception of Harrison's part, disgracefully performed.

Haymarket.—The *New Planet*, as an Easter entertainment, by Mr. Planché, exhibits his invention, stage tact, and dramatic talent, in a style differing from his more recent productions, though not without a successful precedent from his pen when he used to make the Olympics happy. It is a very clever and pointed dash at folly as it flies, and at some of the fashionable rages of the day, both in and out of the theatre. Miss P. Horton is as brilliant a star as author or audience could desire; and, though new in this character, is most deservedly an old and shining favourite. The other planets are brightly represented; *Venus* by Miss Julia Bennett, *Juno* (though only a fragmentary luminary, admirably as a whole) by Miss Reynolds, and *Mars*, unexceptionally, by the king of bluff burlesque, Mr. Bland. Other pretty stars, fair earthly representatives of celestial beauties, had little to do but to appear. But the most of the fun is made by Buckstone as a talkative Harlequin. He keeps the house in a titter all the while he is on the boards. Need we add, that with excellent scenery, the *New Planet* is a palpable hit.

Princes's.—A new comic opera by Auber, called the *Barcarole*, was produced for the first time on Monday. It is founded on the story of a poor musician who composes a song and barcarole, which is stolen by a stupid brother-composer and made use of as his own; the air, which is very pretty, occurs repeatedly throughout the opera, and the music, generally, is of a very pleasing character; the duet between Leffler and Walton is a very clever composition of the kind, and Allen has one or two nice *morceaux* in the author's peculiar style; it was completely successful, and is likely to prove an attractive light opera. The play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* concluded the evening's amusements, and the whole performances were highly applauded by a crowded house. Mrs. Butler is to appear here, and play one night with the amateurs at the St. James's Theatre after her *début*.

Lyceum.—The Lyceum has opened its Easter campaign with two novelties—one, a semi-burlesque, is in imitation of *L'Île de Robinson*, from the French. *Crusoe the Second*, and his Friday, a Cockneyish Snodgrass, luckier than their prototypes, revel in the fellowship of many pretty women's faces. Yet spite of the brave efforts of Mrs. Keeley, it proved but a dreary waste of words, and might with advantage be performed opposite, in the famous and congenial Exeter Arcade. Not so the second piece, the *Creole*, from the pen of Mr. Brooke, which was most rapturously received. We ourselves were much entertained by the first two acts of effective scenes, cleverly knit together, conveyed in smart and most animated dialogue, and very well acted. The third act we thought fell a little short of the encomium. This *Creole* is the exact counterpart of the *Chevalier de St. George*, alias the *Bondman*—the sensitive feelings of the *Chevalier* being assigned to a female slave, who ultimately marries her master. This play is so full of life that we doubt not it will have a long run.

Sadler's Wells.—Faithful to his public trust and adherence to the national drama, Mr. Phelps has produced here Shakspeare's *Tempest* in all its integrity. His own *Prospero*, Miss Laura Addison's *Miranda*, Miss Julia St. George's *Ariel*, Mr. George Bennett's *Caliban*, Mr. Younge's *Trinculo*, and Mr. Scharf's *Stephano*, contribute to the entire satisfaction with which the poetry and the humour of this noble creation is received by the audience. The *Rival Sergeants*, a slight, brief, and pleasant interlude, with pretty songs to popular tunes, by Mr. W. Collier, adds to the various *agrémens* of the evening at the Wells.

French Plays.—Easter Monday was greeted at the St. James's with the revival of *Un Châtement de Main*, and *Mlle. Rose Cheri*; and a piece

new to London, *La Protégée sans le Savoir*, from the Paris Gymnase, and written by M. Scribe. Cheri plays in it with infinite feeling and charming naïveté, and is well sustained by M. Rhozevil as an English lord and her lover.

Astley's shews a grand new equestrian spectacle, with camels, horses, elephants, wild-deer, oxen, &c., to match Drury Lane. It is founded on Byron's poem, and called *The Bride of Abydos*. The scenes in the circle also present novelty, and many pleasing exercises and extraordinary feats. *La Petite Isabelle* is an immense favourite.

The Surrey has delighted the holiday folks, and will continue to delight their successors, with a troop of real and astonishing Arabs, whose feats of strength and agility defy description. They must be seen to be duly prized.

VARIETIES.

Byron and the Byrons.—Under this title we have received a printed announcement, and a ms. intimation. The former proposes a supplemental biography of the poet, and a history of his family from the Conquest (including between six and seven hundred unpublished letters and poems of the late Lord?), by George Byron, Esq., who, it is intimated in the manuscript, is "a son of the author of *Childe Harold*, with whose existence but few are acquainted." For ourselves we confess never to have heard of this relative before; but there is certainly no impossibility in Lord Byron having had and left a son, though it is wonderful to imagine he could be so long concealed! A Malta paper suggests the expediency of erecting a monument to Byron at Missolonghi, and adds: "We hear from a correspondent who recently visited the place, that the actual house in which he died no longer exists, having been totally destroyed, as it will be recollected that on the Turks storming that garrison, seventy aged men, women, and children, entered a magazine and blew themselves up, preferring death to cruelty and slavery. With this heroic act fell the house sacred to our last immortal poet. The proprietor of the site not only generously offers to give it for the erection of a monument, but also will give a handsome sum towards it; and surely the friends, the relatives, the government, and the admirers of his lordship will at once set on foot a subscription for so noble a purpose."

Sculpture for the Royal-Academy Exhibition.—A grand turmoil and much disappointment has, we are told, been excited among our sculptors who intended to exhibit their works at the Royal Academy next May. It has been the custom (as we are informed) to allow this class of artists a fortnight after the day appointed for the reception of the paintings before they were called on to send in their productions; partly in consideration of the nature of the material, and partly not to interfere with the taking in of less cumbersome contributions. This year, however, without warning of any kind, and with the usual privilege unhesitatingly expected, a decree went forth that no sculpture was admissible after the date fixed for all; and thus many sculptors have been thrown out, unfinished things have been hastily sent, others, and some of the best, altogether excluded.

Scottish Fine Arts.—The premium of a hundred guineas, given by the Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland, has been awarded to Mr. Selous, for a series illustrative of seven events in the life of the heroic Robert Bruce.

Paleontographical Society.—A new association, under the presidency of Sir H. De la Beche, has been formed, with the main object of publishing a statistical series of British fossils. It is a good design; but we entertain doubts whether the multiplication of institutions for particular branches of science or literature may not be carried too far, and whether a more limited number, powerful and well supported, would not render greater service than the subdivisions hardly able to raise the funds necessary for important operations.

A Monumental Statue to Sir T. F. Buxton, in Westminster Abbey, is said to be assigned to Mr. Thrupp to sculpture; and the subscription to be swelling to the proper height, aided by multitudinous Negro donations from Africa and the West Indies.

The Proscenium, No. 1., appears to be a journal started in support of the Covent-Garden Opera; as the *Curtain* is dedicated to the service of Her Majesty's Theatre. The partisanship to which we have frequently of late referred, infects almost every musical and theatrical critique that is published, to such a degree, that it is almost impossible to attach credit to their facts, and far less to their opinions.

John Papworth, Esq., died at Worthing on Sunday the 4th, after long suffering and in his 83d year. For his distinction in the Fine Arts, for the services he had rendered them during his long life, for the high estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, from the eldest to the youngest who were acquainted with his eminent qualifications and no less attaching social and moral virtues, we beg to refer to the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1567, when, on the presentation of a piece of plate to him, we took the opportunity to sketch his character, and pay a just tribute to his artistic and personal merits.

The Sultee has been abolished in the Nizam's dominions; being the second instance of this progressive improvement in a native Indian state. Let us hope the examples will soon be generally followed, and the cruel rite cease to exist.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Balfour's Prior Delectus Sententiarum, &c., 12mo, 2s. 6d. — Scymour's (E. J.) Thoughts on Diseases of the Human Body, Vol. I, 8vo, 10s. — Watson's (H. C.) Cybele Britannica, Vol. I, 8vo, 10s. 6d. — Bythner's Lyra, new edit. 8vo, 12s. 4s. — The Pilgrim-Travellers, from the City of Trouble to the Land of Peace, 12mo, 4s. — Crab's Digest and Index to the Statutes, Part IV, royal 8vo, 21s. — Mitford on Pleadings in Chancery, by J. W. Smith, 5th edit. royal 8vo, 12s. — Acta Cancellaria, by Cecil Moore, 8vo. — First Impressions of England, by Hugh Miller, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. — Johnstone's Railway Map of Scotland, in case, 4s. — Ditto, Railway Map of Great Britain, in case, 5s. — Ditto, Commercial and Industrial Map of England and Wales, 4to, mor. 21s. 6d. — Poëlle's (Rev. Dr.) Annotations on Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 8vo, 6s. 6d. — Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea, &c., by Xavier Hommaire De Hell, 8vo, 11s. — Chambers's Tracts, Vol. XVI, 1s. — The Hive and the Honey-Bee, by H. D. Richardson, 12mo, sewed, 1s. — The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro-King, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. — Church-Poetry; or, Christian Thoughts in Old and Modern Verse, 3d edit. 18mo, 4s. — Scenes and Characters; or, Eighteen Months in Beechcroft, 12mo, 4s. 6d. — Comments on Scripture for Young Bible-Readers, 18mo, 2s. — Meditations and Spiritual Experiences, by the Rev. Mr. Shepard, M.A., 18mo, 1s. 6d. — My Saviour, by the Rev. J. East, M.A., 4th edit. 12mo, 3s. 6d. — The Bible Explained in a Series of Questions and Answers, by the Rev. W. Stoddart, 12mo, 3s. 6d. — Sermons, by (J. B.) Marsden, M.A., 3d edit. 12mo, 6s. — Narrative of a Visit to China, by the Rev. G. Smith, 8vo, 14s. — Gobat's Three Years' Residence in Abyssinia, 2d edit. 12mo, 7s. 6d. — Payne's Select Poetry, 5th edit. 18mo, 3s. — The Lady Ella; or, the Story of Cinderella in Verse, square, 3s. 6d. — Lyrical Poems, by De Beranger, selected and translated by Wm. Anderson, 12mo, 5s. — Essays on Human Rights, &c., by E. P. Hurlbut, with Preface by Combe, royal 8vo, sewed, 2s. — Poems and Songs, by Allan Cunningham, 24mo, 2s. 6d. — Dean Comber's Advice to the Roman Catholics of England, 12mo, 3s. — Catherwood on the Lungs, 3d edit. 8vo, 7s. 6d. — Political Fame, 12mo, 5s. — General Principles of Grammar, 12mo, 3s. 6d. — The Pilgrim of India; an Eastern Tale, and other Poems, by J. Hutchinson, Esq., 12mo, 5s. — The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, by the Rev. H. S. Richmond, M.A., 8vo, 6s. — Vigyn's Portuguese Grammar, 11th edit. 12mo, 6d. 7s. — Warner's (J.) on Cultivation of Flax, 2d edit. 8vo, 7s. 6d. — Howarth's (H.) Sermon on the Liturgy, 3d edit. 12mo, 4s. 6d. — Select Poetry, chiefly Sacred, of the Reign of James I. collected by E. Farr, 12mo, 5s. 6d. — Mant (Bp.) on the Observance of the Church's Holydays no Symptom of Popery, 2 vols. 12mo, 9s. — Emily Bathurst; or, at Home and Abroad, 12mo, 3s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.
[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

| 1847. | h. m. s. | 1847. | h. m. s. |
|----------------|----------|----------------|----------|
| April 10 . . . | 1 25 8 | April 14 . . . | 0 22 0 |
| 11 . . . | 1 9 4 | 15 . . . | 0 6 8 |
| 12 . . . | 0 53 2 | 16 . . . | 11 59 2 |
| 13 . . . | 0 37 5 | | |

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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E. J. DENT, by Appointment, Watchmaker to the Queen, respectfully solicits from the Public an inspection of his Stock of WATCHES, which has been greatly increased to meet the many purchases at this season of the Year. Lending Gold Watches, at 52s. 6d. Silver Watches, at 12s. 12s. Excellent Gentlemen's Gold Watches, 10s. 10s. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in 4 holes, 6s. 6s. each. Youth's Silver Watches, 4s. 4s. each.

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CHEMISTRY.—The LABORATORY will be RE-OPEN on MONDAY, April 12, under the direction of Dr. MILLER and Mr. J. E. BOWMAN.

Gentlemen desirous of acquiring an acquaintance with the operations of Analysis, or of prosecuting Chemical Researches connected with Medicine, Agriculture, or the Arts, may enter for periods varying from one to nine months, at any suit their convenience.

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King's College, March 30, 1847.

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King's College, March 30, 1847.

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| Age 30 without profits | £13 0 | with profits | £13 0 |
|------------------------|--------|--------------|-------|
| 30 . . . | 1 19 8 | 1 19 8 | 3 5 8 |
| 40 . . . | 3 14 3 | 3 14 3 | 3 1 3 |
| 50 . . . | 4 8 0 | 4 8 0 | 3 0 0 |

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March 25, 1847. JOHN BIGG, Secy.

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WILLIAM RATRAY, Actuary and Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The Nobility, Subscribers, and the Public, are respectfully informed that an **EXTRA NIGHT** will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT**, April 15th, when will be performed, for the first time this season, Bellini's celebrated Opera, **I FURBANTI**. Elvira, Madame Castellan; Giorgio, Signor Labadie; Arturo, Signor Gardoni; and Riccardo, Signor Coletti.

Between the acts of the Opera, a **DIVERTISSEMENT**, in which will be presented the following Dances:—"Deutscher Rhein," by the Corps de Ballet; Favorite Pas, by Mlle. C. Rossi; and a new Pas, composed by M. P. Taglion, for Mlle. Marie Taglion, entitled "Pommes de Danse Polonoise."

After the Opera will be presented a new Ballet Divertissement (by M. P. Taglion, the music by Signor Pagani, the scenery by C. Marshall), entitled **ORITIA**, on, **Les Camps des Amazones**. Principal character, Oritia, Mlle. Lucille Graham.

FISTULA INFIRMARY.—The ELEVENTH ANNUARY FESTIVAL of this Charity will be held at the ALHAMBRA, ALDERGATE STREET, on MONDAY, April 15, 1847.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE STREET, 10th April, 1847.—The Weekly Evening Meetings of the Members will be resumed the 16th of April, at Half-past Eight o'clock.

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